CENTS
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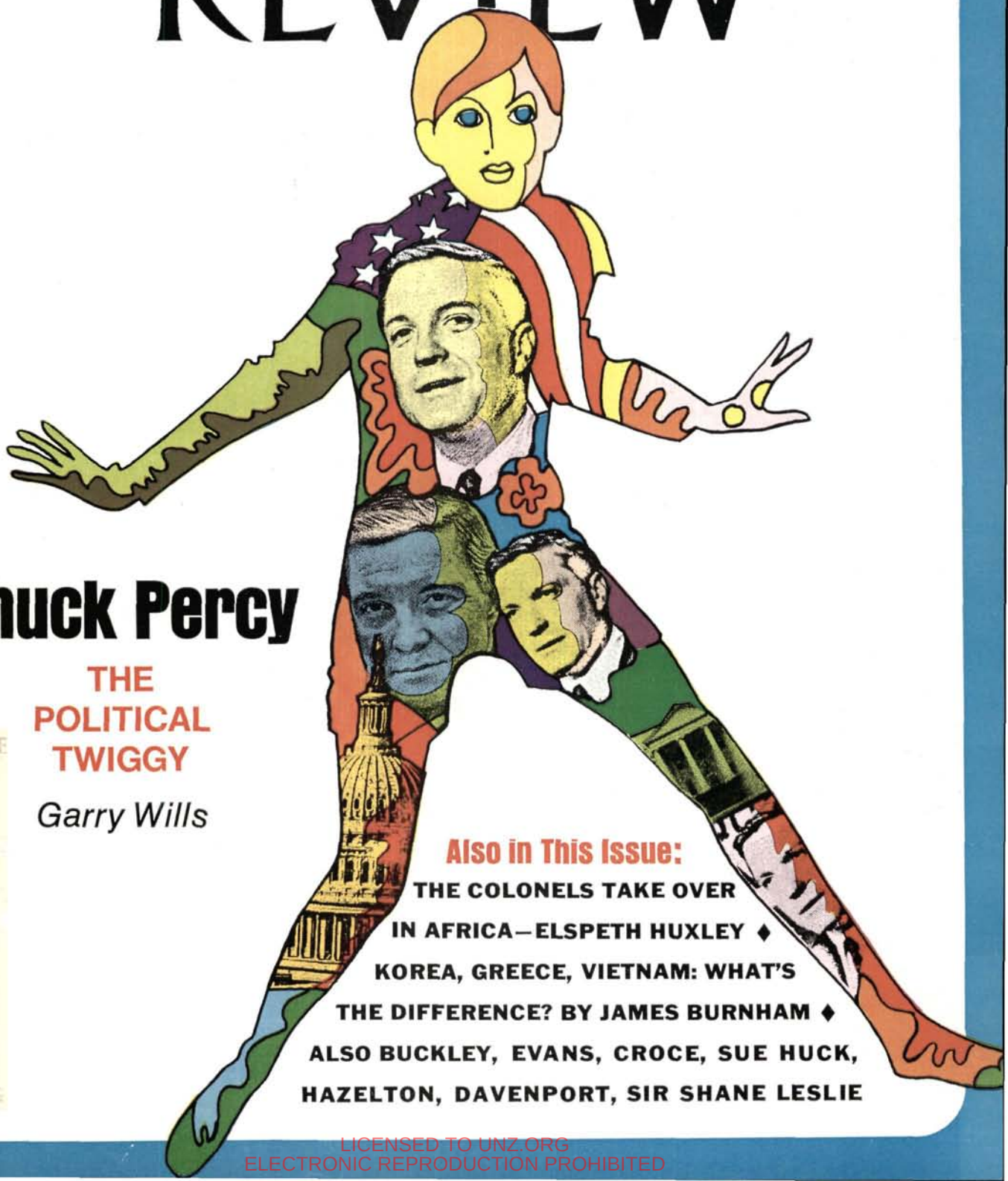
MAY 2, 1967

EXTRA:
review of a new
ok on Bobby Kennedy

NATIONAL REVIEW



Chuck Percy

THE POLITICAL TWIGGY

Garry Wills

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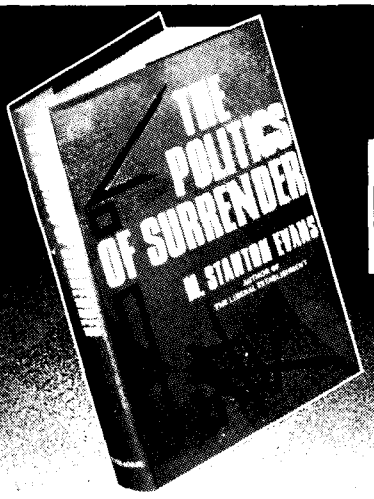

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MAY 2, 1967

NATIONAL REVIEW

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We give you Chuck Percy of Illinois. Like George Wallace of Alabama, he is a local politician whom it behooves every serious political observer to get to know, because he doesn't intend to stay local forever, and he is thoroughly accustomed to getting what he aims at. He is introduced by **Garry Wills,** who seems to have made successfully an exceeding rare transition, from classics professor to professional journalist (with *Esquire,* whose current number features his report on the late Jack Ruby). . . . And a batch of reports from all points of the compass. **Elspeth Huxley** performs once again the little miracle of discussing her beloved Africa without losing her cool; this time it is to remark that Instant Democracy has turned into straight military dictatorship more often than not, and what a stupid thing it would be if Washington should continue to foment disorder in that troubled region. . . . From London, Mr. **Anthony Lejeune** reports on the degradation of English university life to the level of Berkeley (Calif.), how there was much of state handouts in the machinery of the downfall, and how there may be reason to hope, if only the beards will rebel against the new conformity of rebellion. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** discusses the most beneficent of all modern migrations, the movement of millions of workers into western Europe in recent years. Certain social problems have been imported along with mill hands; Communists labor to exploit the non-exploited; some, Yugoslavians in particular, are converted; Poland is timid. . . . And **William S. Schlamm** writes movingly from Europe on Konrad Adenauer and analyzes just what is was in Adenauer's character that brought about the miracle of the Federal Republic. . . . **Susan Huck,** the knowledgeable geography professor at Grove City College, has made another visit to the Dominican Republic, and tells us the story of how Balaguer has consolidated his regime, much to the comfort of the people and the discomfiture of certain *yanqui* liberals. . . .

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** notes the unbridgeable disjunction between the pacific protestations of the Vietnam Marchers and the bloodthirsty speechifying of their leaders, so many of whom, unfortunately for the Negro, are Negroes, and unfortunately for everyone, the victims in this caper of super-special Communist cultivation. . . . **James Burnham** takes a measured look at the Vietnam-type war itself, a war similar in some ways to the actions in Greece and South Korea and Taiwan. In those places U.S. protection and economic aid brought wonderful results. Why shouldn't Vietnam do just as well, assuming we persevere? . . . . **Nika Hazelton** gives not delectations but the prerequisites for them in travel, listing the simple and very practical items you should carry with you. Bon voyage. (And if you must have *NR* delivered to your ports of call, give us eight weeks' notice.)

➔ Ralph de Toledano's new book, on R. F. Kennedy, draws **M. Stanton Evans** into a revealing discussion of the ruthless rich. . . . It is an interesting surmise that the decline of the novel's ability in true fiction parallels the decline of the journalist's command of fact. **Guy Davenport** reviews three works of fiction that remind him, and us, of what we're missing. . . . **Sir Shane Leslie** welcomes the diaries of Harold Nicolson, a trove of tidbits, pointers to the tomb of Empire. . . . **Arlene Croce** continues the philanthropy of sparing our readers the task of seeing movies for themselves. Here she makes a fascinating contrast between detective movie 1954 and detective movie *manqué* 1967. Of which the earlier the better, like red wine and sleep. ➔

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TO THE EDITOR

Our Sins

The April 18 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW is a shocker. Mr. Burnham, still on the McNamara tack, is beginning to lapse into a kind of Reston-Pearson blend—arbitrary, querulous. J. J. Kilpatrick, whom I considered to be above the average newspaper columnist in an adherence to a gentlemanly principle of dignity and fairness, has proved to be no exception to the rule in his indelicate report on an interview with George Wallace. Shall we say, his ridicule and disdain were ill-concealed?

Mr. Francis Russell appears to write with genuine forthrightness in a review of *The Bible*, but at the same time reveals petty personal bias in his reference to the film as appealing to the "unchurched lower middle class" (of which "enough are still around") "from which are derived the Eisenhower pieties." (How did Ike get into this calculated irreverence?)

In an item about the McCarran Act passing into oblivion, the editors comment: "And indeed times are changing. . . . We are told thrice a day that the cold war is over . . . and that it is only a matter of time before Barry Goldwater Jr. and Bettina Aptheker bed down together." You should have added: "And NATIONAL REVIEW, back against the wall and desperately in need of funds in a last-ditch pitch for survival, has scuttled its principles, lowered the flag and joined the parade of idiotic Americans by printing an ad for China Publications pushing the sale of *Quotations from Mao Tse-tung*." I couldn't believe my eyes—say it isn't so!

Cleveland, Ohio MRS. F. J. DUTEE

I was dumbfounded by your skull-and-crossbones cover of April 18. That and the two snidely ugly caricatures of the Wallaces on pages 402 and 405 are just too pointless and disrespectful for our "lower middle class" minds.

The thought has occured to us that just as great a tyranny could come upon us if conservatives of your stripe "won" the federal machinery. What difference if "moron intellectuals" of the Right or the Left control our destinies?

San Francisco, Calif. J. J. HEIZER

If Wallace should upset any applecarts in 1968, why, Godammit, it'll be because the lace-curtain conservatives fumbled the ball and the shanty Irish conservatives picked it up and ran for the goal. The woods are crawling with unorgan-

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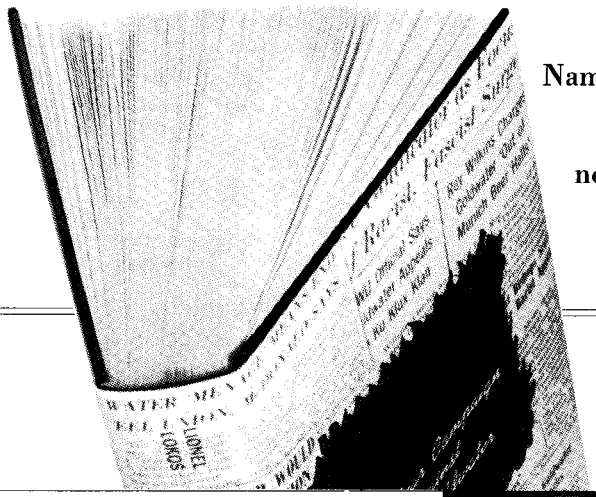


Names the *people* . . . the *newspapers* . . . *magazines* . . . *networks* that carried out a strategy of lies, news distortion and news suppression — the better to spread hysteria throughout our country!

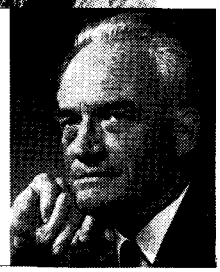
HYSTERIA 1964

The Fear Campaign Against Barry Goldwater

by Lionel Lokos. A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

"This is the type of work that I have been hoping someone would write about the campaign and I hope it is not the end . . . Mr. Lokos has done a superb job of research and presentation and you are to be congratulated for bringing this book out."

Barry Goldwater



EVERY CONSERVATIVE knows, from his own aching experience, the deliberate lies that engulfed Barry Goldwater in 1964. So does Lionel Lokos (author of *Who Promoted Peress?*). But in 1964 Lokos did more than look on in outrage. He kept voluminous files before and during the campaign. With mounting fury, he watched the Liberal hatchetmen slant, suppress, twist, bury, lie. Millions of Americans were gulled.

It is too late to undo that debacle. But Lionel Lokos is determined at least to show *how* it happened: how a decent man and a great patriot was transformed into a monster by the "respectable" media. Here's just a hint of the smears that Lokos exposes:

- **The radio program that predicted that Goldwater as President would postpone the next Presidential election.**
- **Goldwater plans a vacation in the Bavarian Alps — and the Liberal press reports it as a neo-Nazi plot.**
- **The New York newspaper that prints all the news that fits . . . and therefore keeps silent about news favorable to Goldwater.**
- **LBJ's spokesman charges that Goldwater victory would bring sinking of American merchant marine.**
- **Liberals in never-never land: the charge that a Goldwater victory would mean forced labor camps in the U.S.**
- **The CBS report that Goldwater denounced as "the damnedest lie I ever heard."**
- **Rockefeller and Scranton cut up Goldwater. Barry's grim remark about their tactics.**
- **Goldwater's moving speech in support of his vote against the Civil Rights Bill of 1964.**
- **"A Diary of Defamation": day by day through the muck.**
- **Irresponsible fantasies in print — by Lippman, Pearson, many others.**
- **Disgraceful tactics of Look, Life, Newsweek, Time and the NBC, CBS and ABC networks.**
- **The hoax about NATO Commanders getting the right to fire nuclear weapons — authority which they already had!**
- **Goldwater's own interpretation of his statement on "extremism."**
- **The Left's greatest propaganda triumph: how they made a travesty of Goldwater's position on nuclear strategy.**
- **SNCC's John Lewis threatens the South with violence, but the Times writes of his "gentle army."**

Risk-Free Examination

Hysteria 1964 is a tribute to the author. It took uncommon courage to write this book. Lionel Lokos works for WQXR, the radio station owned by the *New York Times*, and Mr. Lokos dares to speak out against the policies of his own boss. How many of us, conservative or otherwise, would have the guts of this man?

Demands are growing to do something about dishonest press and TV coverage. The prejudices of the network commentators came through again on election night last November. Now in *Hysteria 1964*, Lionel Lokos has given us a case history of the way the Establishment manipulates facts in the service of its ideology. *Hysteria 1964* gives us a weapon we'll need in 1968 — to ward off 1984.

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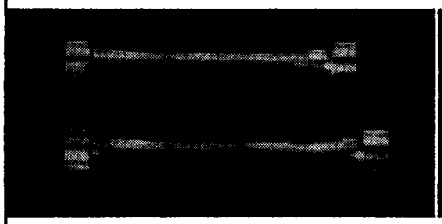

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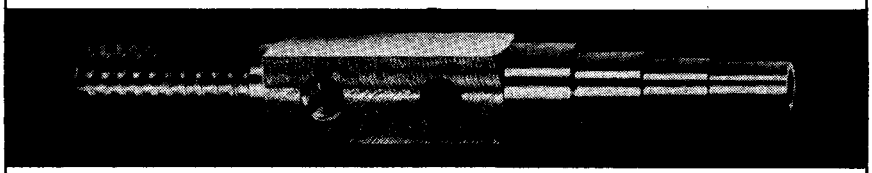

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ized conservatives who are aching like hell for a *leader*. Neither NATIONAL REVIEW, the Free Society Association, the American Conservative Union, the New York Conservative Party, the YAF nor any other responsible conservative group has done a damned thing since 1964 to reach the dime store vote. Their motto must be, "Let George Do It!" And, dammit, whether one approves of him or not, he *is* doing it and all you sissies do is stand around wringing your hands.
South Duxbury, Mass. R. J. WHITTIER

We were much impressed with Mr. Kilpatrick's report of his visit with George Wallace. We hadn't realized how capable Mr. Wallace is until we had read the article, "debunked" the "debunker," and smiled a little wryly at the caricatures. Nice work.
Ithaca, N.Y. MRS. F. T. MORRISSEY

Cheers! Cheers! Cheers! to NATIONAL REVIEW for James Kilpatrick's splendid story about the Alabama Mockingbird! Are we to interpret this splendid article as overwhelming support for the "Wallace for President" bandwagon?
Willow Springs, Ill. MRS. R. E. CONE

Mrs. Cone: Please check with Mrs. Morrissey, above. —ED.

(Continued on p. 489)

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The WEEK

The ample editorial bosom of the *New York Times* :aved a sweet sigh of relief two weeks ago. It mmented, anent the Justice Department's abandonent of the McCarran Act, that the Communist arty U.S.A. never did amount to much and is day "an evanescent shadow, its small membership mposed mainly of FBI agents, old people trapped r ancient loyalties and a handful of young people. . ." ɔ! A week later, in Portland, Oregon, one of those BI agents blew one of those evanescent shadows ide open. The handful of young people in that par-ɔular cell included the president of the Portland :ate College student body and students from that hool, Reed College, the University of Oregon and local high school; the cell leader, one Donald amerquist, is also a division leader in the Demo-atic Party. Hamerquist freely admitted that the P's strategy includes placing members in key cam-ıs posts, in order, as the *Oregon Journal* para-ıraseд him, "to control what the students hear ɔout issues such as Vietnam and civil rights." The *imes,* no doubt in the interest of editorial consist-ıcy, didn't carry the story.

Liberal critics of the nation's Young Republicans ıcceeded, a few months ago, in setting up a new Arts & Sciences Division" of the Republican Na-ɔnal Committee with the aim of bringing to bear ı college campuses an influence less conservative an the YRs' has been in recent years. The new ivision promptly launched a series of college forums ound the country, labeled "Opportunities Unlim-ed." Its promotional literature generously con-ded that the program was "co-sponsored by the oung Republican National Federation and [its col-giate arm] the College Republican National Com-ittee," but the reality has been somewhat less emütlich. Both the regular YRs and the college Rs have been relentlessly frozen out of the pro-am—even in Ohio, whose YR state chairman Jim etts is the liberals' candidate for the national YR ıairmanship this year. Perhaps he wants to prove e can Do Less for Ohio.

At the Punta del Este conference the heads of ghteen American governments decided that . . . ıat . . . well, to tell the truth we can't figure out *hat* was decided, but it seems to have been a pretty ɔod conference anyway. Many of those present were able and serious men, as a group probably more impressive on average than could have been assembled for any prior Pan-American summit. Their coming together right now, in the midst of the globally divisive Vietnam war, was a symbol that for all the intramural squabbles the special Pan-American relationships continue to have substantial meaning. There was a minimum of the social-democratic reformist blather that usually accompanies such affairs, and an encouraging stress on Latin American ability to rule and help itself. The individual get-together between Lyndon Johnson and each of the Latin American Presidents gave a chance for the kind of man-to-man sizeups that still count for a good deal in the New World.

● We Live and Learn, a Little: Those bearded men moving in the hills of Bolivia—if they're dope smugglers whom wily diplomats seeking to extort arms from the U.S. are palming off as Communist guerrillas, then the *Times* of London is a patsy, so is the Associated Press, and so, if you can believe it, is the *New York Times,* all of whom printed the same story of a fortified guerrilla base 125 miles southwest of Sucre. No, the guerrillas are real, and the clincher was the (New York) *Times'* own Herbert L. Matthews, who came out on the eve (April 10) of the Punta del Este summit with an editorial linking the Bolivian activity to similar eruptions in Colombia, Venezuela and Guatemala, and tracking the infection to Cuba. Still more amazingly, the same Mr. Matthews who in 1958 introduced Fidel Castro to the world as a studious provincial reformer now beseeches Latin American heads of state not to repeat "Batista's" mistake of underestimating the danger, and instructs them in Che Guevara's renowned axiom that revolutionaries can make a revolution even under imperfect conditions. Alas, piquancy is all there is to savor in the new Matthews, who isn't so new that he can't resist blowing a few cracked notes on that old bugle, the Alliance for Progress, as if *that* ever gave the Guevaras pause.

● Harold Wilson and the British Labor Party suffered a staggering defeat in the English council elections April 13. Labor had controlled London since 1934. A landslide swing of 12 per cent gave the Conservatives 82 seats in the London council against Labor's eighteen. The sweep extended throughout the country; there were virtually no boroughs in which Labor increased its seats. A translation of the percentages to a general election would yield a Conservative gain of 214, changing the present Labor majority of 93 in Commons to a healthy Conservative majority. Analysts conclude that the primary cause of the shift is dissatisfaction with the economic stagnation brought by the policy of severe economic

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restraint which Wilson adopted to stave off a monetary crisis. Under the British system there is no direct threat to the Labor government, which is not required to call an election until 1971. But in charting policy, Labor could not ignore so massive a vote of no confidence, above all from its London fortress. It will almost surely feel compelled to ease up on the economy, especially on the wage freeze; and when it does, the recuperating pound may very well be pushed into another relapse.

● Yugoslav author Mihajlo Mihajlov was removed from jail (where he has been serving a one-year sentence) to court to answer new charges of "spreading hostile propaganda" against the state, and he was sentenced again—this time to a four-and-a-half-year term. Mihajlov's latest trial (it is his third) came at a time when the Yugoslav Communist Party had announced plans to abandon its "commanding role in Yugoslav life." It came shortly after Tito's onetime comrade Milovan Djilas had been sprung from jail, which was greeted as another sign of liberalization. But liberalization in a Communist state can go only so far. The government must, if it is to survive, keep its monopoly on thought, and on political organization. This Mihajlov has refused to acknowledge and this is why Mihajlov must be silenced.

● The American Conservative Union seems to have survived the growing pains that afflict every new organization. An indication of its increasing solidity is the announcement of the election of four new directors—James Jackson Kilpatrick (author, editor, columnist), J. Daniel Mahoney (chairman of N.Y. Conservative Party, lawyer, writer), J. Alan McKay (lawyer; national chairman of Young Americans for Freedom), and Philip M. Crane (professor of history; author). We'll be hearing more from the ACU.

● What manner of man is this Lester Maddox? *Item*: He chatted amiably for an hour with Hubert Humphrey. *Item*: Hubert Humphrey chatted amiably for an hour with him. *Item*: Four Negro convicts escaped from an antediluvian-type road gang; instead of lighting out for Chicago, they went to Maddox's weekly reception, and instead of greeting them with a pick-handle, he talked with them and promised a full investigation. *Item*: He asked Georgia ministers to lead their congregations in prayers for rain. *Item*: It rained. *Question*: Who dropped the pick-handle in Ralph McGill's gumbo?

● ANSWER FROM ON HIGH. A gloomy reader of the British *Evening Argus* suggests in the letters column that the plague of oil from the *Torrey Canyon* was God's response to Britain's oil embargo on Rhodesia.

Pacifism or Politics?

Although there are many pacifists among individu adherents, it is logically demonstrable that "the pea movement," considered as a political and social reali is not pacifist and is not "antiwar." Genuine pacifis cannot be selective; to be truly "antiwar" must me to be antiwar. Pacifism is against war as an instit tion, as a mode of human inter-relationship. (T strictest type of pacifism is against all other forms violence also.) If a movement or an individual against only *some* wars, against *this* war but not *th* war, then the criterion for judgment is not the pre ence of war and violence, but some other value, ide or goal. This is obvious enough in the case of t many citizens who dislike war, as most human bein do nowadays, and are against war "in general," b will support their own country when it goes to wa But the principle holds equally for the philosophica ly fancier cases. I am opposed, say, to "aggressi wars," but approve or accept "defensive wars." Th it is not war to which I am fundamentally objectin but what I judge to be "aggression." Similarly, I oppose "imperialist" or "reactionary" wars, but a willing to support "liberation" or "progressive" wa then I am objecting not to war but to imperialis and reaction. The superficially pacifist or antiw formulation is in its objective political and soci meaning only a mode of the anti-imperialist or pr "progress" point of view that actually decides tl stand I adopt in the given circumstance.

Analyzed in these terms the current "peace mov ment" is seen to be in actuality a movement again the United States—against, at any rate, the prese government of the United States and its policies and *for* the present governments and policies of ce tain nations that are at present conducting or su porting war against the United States. It is not at a a paradox to say that *this* peace movement is in tru a *pro-war* movement: it is pro the war of the Vie cong and North Vietnam, backed by Communi China and the Soviet Union, against South Vietna the United States and our supporting allies.

The conduct of the peace movement here and other countries—for it is an international phenomen —constantly confirms this analysis. Denunciation directed exclusively against the acts of the America (and allied) side. There is no balancing denunciatio of, for example, the assassinations, tortures and ra dom terrorism of the other side in Vietnam. Th United States, but not North Vietnam, China or th Soviet Union, is condemned for intervention in Sout Vietnam. And in the world at the moment there fighting in more places than South Vietnam. Th peace-lovers—ours are the same, essentially, as thos in Paris, Amsterdam, Tokyo and Punta del Este- in no wise disturb themselves at the fact that Nasser

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ The way it's shaping up, there'll be no serious reconsideration of the draft again this year. The question that conservatives and libertarians—and certain elements of the Left—are asking, should be asking, is: "Is the draft necessary for the ilitary defense of the nation? If not, what are the viable ternatives?" But the discussion in Washington this ring, as it has so often in the past, has tended to get ogged down in irrelevant considerations. Military service good, say some, because it makes men out of boys. eterans of the Second World War and Korea—many of em now in Congress—argue that if they served the oming generations should serve, too. Secretary of Labor irtz and Defense Secretary McNamara go further: they vorce the idea of the draft from national security and rge "national service" during which time young men and possibly young women) can choose whether they ill serve their nation for so many months in the armed rvices, as VISTA workers, in the Peace Corps, etc. In ort they argue that young people owe the nation *x*-umber of months of their young adulthood. A National ervice Lobby is beginning to take shape loaded with undation money and prestige names. It finds support n the Right from the veterans' organizations and from ie military hierarchy—General Eisenhower on down. nd on the Left it appeals to those who see in National ervice an extension of government power.

▸ So what happens? In general when the subject of the raft comes up for renewal, a) the President appoints a ommission to study the matter; b) the Commission eport is delayed until just before the expiration date of ie Selective Service Act which c) causes an "emer-ency"; d) Congress conducts mini-hearings, adopts ost of the recommendations of the Commission and e) ie Selective Service Act is renewed for four years. his is what has happened again this year. Some months go, mounting public criticism of the draft resulted in the rmation of a Presidential Commission to study the uestions under the chairmanship of Burke Marshall. It was to report on January 1, 1967. Its report wasn't released until some months later—conveniently close to the June 1 expiration date of the Selective Service Act. The Commission met in closed session. Over fifty papers were presented to it, but none advocating a system of voluntary military service. Burke Marshall recommended a lottery system for draftees, which is unlikely to be adopted. This was a gimmick that avoided the question: is a draft necessary for national survival? Those in the know predict that the Selective Service Act will be renewed, with a few minor changes, next month. Another opportunity for a full-fledged discussion of the draft has been lost by a Congress that tends to avoid hitting any problem head on.

◆ Diesel engines, jet aircraft engines, machine tools, radio communication equipment, navigational devices, electronic computers and rifle-cleaning compounds were among four hundred items pronounced "non-strategic" in Export Bulletin No. 941, issued by the Commerce Department last October. This had the effect of authorizing the sale of these items to the East European satellites. Fearing an assault by "witchhunters," the Department accompanied its release with a statement saying it had "consulted with interested departments, including Defense, State, Agriculture, Interior, and the intelligence community, in taking this step." Since then the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Director of Naval Intelligence, the Air Force Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, and the Army Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence have all denied that they were consulted by the Department of Commerce. Defense, in a letter to an inquiring congressman, said that it "was not requested to supply Intelligence on the 400 commodities that are covered in current Export Bulletin No. 941." Navy said it "had no part in the consultation which preceded the revision of the commodity control list." Army says it "was not consulted regarding the commodities listed." And the Air Force official said that "no intelligence office of the United States Air Force participated in the revision of the current commodity control list. I have no evidence to indicate that any other United States Air Force agencies participated in this revision." Who, then, was consulted on these items' strategic importance? Us witchhunters would like to know.

—CATO

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viators have been dropping poison gas as well as ombs and, yes, napalm on the Yemen villagers, r the further fact that he backs the paramilitary ront which has been assassinating scores of persons, iany of them women and children, in Aden.

On the very same day that Martin Luther King iade his speech comparing our government to Hitler's nd demanding an immediate stop to fighting (by ımericans) in Vietnam, the American Negro Leadership Conference, of which he is a director, issued a tatement calling on Britain "to bring the rebellious social regime [in Rhodesia] to yield by force," and insisting that "the United States"—yes, the United States—"should propose before the UN the adoption of appropriate measures of military action." So it's not a matter of war and killing. The real question is, *whose* war, and who's doing the killing?

In the New York and San Francisco demonstrations April 15, there were contingents marching with banners openly supporting the Vietnamese National Liberation Front. Moscow, Peking and Castro Communists were all a part—*and an accepted part*—of

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the crowd. In point of fact, this "Spring Mobilization" was initiated primarily by acknowledged Communists and Communist organizations, as has been meticulously documented by HUAC ("Communist Origin and Manipulation of Vietnam Week," issued March 31, 1967) and presumably in the confidential FBI report given to the President at his Texas ranch. A pacifist is of course not responsible if the Communists, *in their own manner, are against the American* presence in the Vietnam war. But that imposes on him all the more exigent responsibility to distinguish himself and his point of view from the Communists and *their* point of view, and to stay wholly clear of any practical involvement with the Communists, any common or united front. This some of the pacifists and allegedly pacifist groups were careful to do in the past, but they have permitted the lines to blur. In the Spring Mobilization they joined in a common operation with the Communists.

The Communists know perfectly what they are up to. Their specific objective—it is not hidden—is to get the United States out of Southeast Asia, so that the Communist enterprise, in the form of local National Liberation Fronts or the political equivalents, can take over; this in turn is the immediate phase of their longer-term drive for the revolutionary defeat of the United States. By directing their fire unilaterally against the United States and by forming a common front with the Communists, the pacifists and semi-pacifists inevitably serve the Communist objective; the difference in subjective motivation can in no way alter this objective fact. They become, inevitably, the dupes of the Communists. At the same time, from the standpoint of the general citizenry they lose, or should lose, the legal and moral indulgence that they ordinarily take as their due by virtue of their assumption of righteousness. The "peace movement"—politically captured and dominated by the Communists, who on the Vietnam issue are one, and guided by the Communist objective—becomes no longer a moral or "free speech" issue. The peace movement is merely a political operation --a very harmful and very dangerous operation from the standpoint of the nation's well-being and security. Some of the nation's spokesmen seem to realize that it is time to drop the rather mealy pieties which have habitually governed their attitude toward the peacemongers, and to begin treating this brutal political operation like what it is.

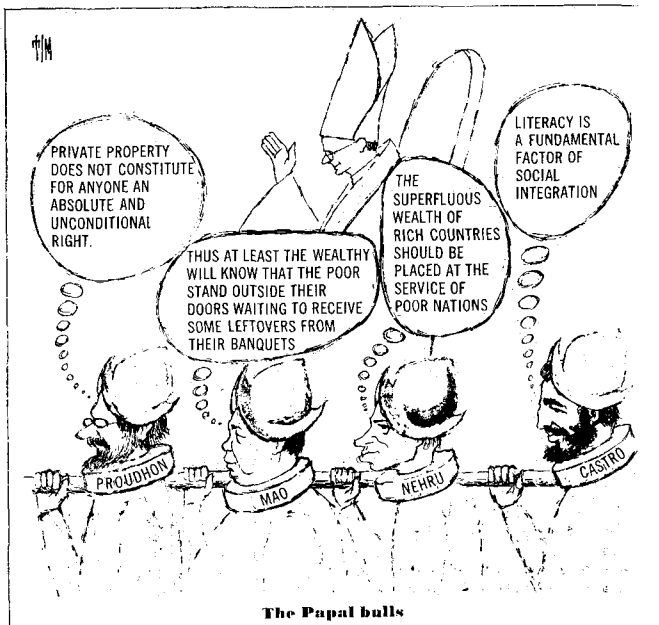
And Further . . .

In its report referred to in the preceding editorial, the House Committee on Un-American Activities comes to the conclusion that "Dr. Martin Luther King's agreement to play a leading role in the April 15 demonstrations in New York City, and his freein Rev. James Bevel from his key position in the Soutl ern Christian Leadership Conference to head up tl Spring Mobilization Committee, are evidence that tl Communists have succeeded, at least partially, in in plementing their strategy of fusing the Vietnam ar civil rights issues in order to strengthen their chanc of bringing about a reversal of U.S. policy in Vie nam." The report has received unexpected corrobor tion from the Left. At a press conference held tw days before the parade, Michael Laski, who heads Peking-oriented group called the Communist Part U.S.A. (Marxist-Leninist), told reporters th "HUAC is a committee of the U.S. Government bu it happens to have the correct facts in this instance

"A coalition of the Socialist Workers Party and th revisionist [i.e., Moscow-oriented] Communist Part has effective control of the Fifth Avenue Peac Parade Committee," Laski said. There had been meeting on March 19, Laski said—he was there—a which Bevel had ceded control to those two organiza tions. Some more direct quotes: "King knows what going on. He is allowing himself to be utilized by th Communist Party. . . . King willingly enters into a alliance with the Communist Party. . . . Mr. King re ceives financial support from organizations and ind viduals that are tied with the revisionist party. H knows what is happening and so does Bevel. . . Martin Luther King is not a Communist but he working in alliance with them."

All, apparently, that Laski could not, or did nc care to, reveal was the name of the "revisionist functionary in contact with King.

It must be remembered that among certain ne types on the hard Left who follow the Peking line c open conflict there is no policy of subterfuge. Onl


PRIVATE PROPERTY DOES NOT CONSTITUTE FOR ANYONE AN ABSOLUTE AND UNCONDITIONAL RIGHT.
THUS AT LEAST THE WEALTHY WILL KNOW THAT THE POOR STAND OUTSIDE THEIR DOORS WAITING TO RECEIVE SOME LEFTOVERS FROM THEIR BANQUETS
THE SUPERFLUOUS WEALTH OF RICH COUNTRIES SHOULD BE PLACED AT THE SERVICE OF POOR NATIONS
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The Papal bulls

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evisionists try to hide what they are doing. Laski imself appeared wearing the fatigue uniform and red tar of the "Workers' Armed Defense Group," by neans of which he—a white man—hopes to lead American Negroes to their final victory. "Victory" of the Vietcong) rather than "peace" is his battlery, which is why he participated, with qualifications, n the Spring Mobilization demonstrations. By his ights King is on the right path and only needs to ive up the revisionist nonsense of non-violence to ecome a real guerrilla. Laski's kind is rare but it s true. Now, what about King?

GOP Doings

George Romney's staff finally told him what his osition is on Vietnam. He pronounced it in a speech hat drew the smothering approval of the White House. Though hedged, it is more aggressive than anyone guessed: Romney, e.g., urged the use of "necessary" force to blockade the supply lines from North Vietnam. However, the eager White House applause has the effect of painting Romney into Johnson's corner—hardly campaign material for the GOP nomination. On the domestic front, Romney has attacked the fiscal policies of the Johnson regime on grounds Nixon would approve, just as Charles Percy and John Lindsay disapproved of his Vietnam firmness. The press shows signs of disaffection with Romney; the disaffection will be perfect when it notices that Romney consistently assails the labor legislation that creates union monopolies. Romney's recent excursion into Virginia went off okay; he'll be cornponing around plenty of other states in coming weeks.

Richard Nixon, touring Asia, missed all the fun of opening the papers on April 16 and finding himself leading the pack according to a Gallup poll of GOP county leaders. These same were strongly for Goldwater in '64. They are even more strongly for Nixon, giving him 1,227 votes as against 341 for Romney, 233 for Reagan, 119 for Percy, 67 for Rockefeller, and on down to the GOP Little League. If the choice were between Nixon and Romney, the GOP county chairmen would vote Nixon 1,562 and Romney 523. If Nixon bowed out, they would go for Ronald Reagan 429, Romney 249, Percy 160, Rhodes 84. . . . Residual party loyalty and the essential conservatism of the GOP are Nixon's best weapons.

Romney's talk on Vietnam appears to have opened up a noisy split in the GOP. Senator Mark Hatfield had already expressed strong dovish opposition to the Johnson policy in Vietnam. Hatfield has called for repeal of selective service (for pacifist reasons, not reasons of efficiency or equity). Soon after Romney's speech, Mayor Lindsay of New York publicly espoused the Hatfield rather than the Romney position on Vietnam, even while exxing himself out of Presidential competitions at this time. But Lindsay has political drag of sorts in New York, and Senator Javits of New York would like to play President or something in '68. Javits has recently moved a little closer to the Johnson line on Vietnam. Will Lindsay punish Javits?

Indeed, the GOP position on Vietnam will be a critical item at the '68 convention. More and more top Republicans are stating their positions. In mid-April Senator Peter Dominick of Colorado addressed the Senate on a subject that has interesting corollaries for Vietnam. He drew attention to the continuing use of Cuba as a base for subversion of the Western Hemisphere; identified the problem as one of critical importance; and announced his opposition to President Johnson's policy of building "bridges" to the Communist world (through trade) until Moscow abandons its subversive assault upon the Western Hemisphere.

Three days later Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina (who converted to the GOP in 1964) reported that the Soviets in Cuba "train and export up to 10,000 guerrillas a year for the encouragement of subversion throughout Latin America." He went on to point out that the question of Cuba "was not even on the agenda" of the recent ministerial meeting in Punta del Este.

It could be that, in spite of its having been written off the books by Messrs. Lippmann, Kennan, Schlesinger & Co., anti-Communism on a global level will be the big issue in '68 and that the GOP could founder on its disagreements over Vietnam. It could also be that the Thurmond-Dominick position might be broadened to form a basis of agreement for all Republican leaders—i.e., that it makes no sense to tolerate a Communist epidemic ninety miles from Florida while sending a half-million American men half way around the world to fight a Communist sneeze in Vietnam.

In the Next Issue

James Jackson Kilpatrick
Walter Darnell Jacobs
Rene Albert Wormser
report
on their fact-finding mission
to Rhodesia

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Hardening Up?

Do we detect a certain hardening in Washington on international matters, world opinion, the Soviet Union and things Communist? Consider these developments of the past fortnight.

President Johnson sent Hubert Humphrey to Europe to sound out opinion on NATO, the Common Market, the Vietnam war. Humphrey acquitted himself handsomely by all reports, and didn't back off at all from the American position on Vietnam. He told our allies that we are there to stay until a satisfactory solution can be worked out, and he suggested that instead of criticizing and carping, it would make more sense for our allies to pitch in and help us bring the war to a conclusion in a realistic manner.

President Johnson himself journeyed to Punta del Este to tell our Latin American allies that we will help them develop economically, but that self-help is the best help, and the day of the handout-without-strings is over.

The State Department official in charge of handouts to Africa resigned: we've cut our aid program to sub-Sahara Africa by almost half in the past couple of years and eliminated it altogether in the case of about a dozen nations that cannot or will not put it to good use; hereafter we will work through the World Bank and other international outfits that are in a position to demand realistic programs from underdeveloped nations before lending out their moneys.

On the domestic scene, Secretary of State Dean Rusk confronted the question of the peace movement and the Communists head-on. The "Communist apparatus is working hard in support of antiwar demonstrations in the United States and elsewhere," he told "Meet the Press." And added: "I do not mean to say that all those who have objections to the war in Vietnam are Communists. But the worldwide Communist movement is working very hard on this."

Lyndon Johnson backed Rusk up with the disclosure that the White House had received an FBI report on Communist involvement with the peace movement; a spokesman indicated that the FBI will continue to give the movement its ever-loving attention.

The proposed sale of a Star 3 two-man research submarine to the USSR was blocked by the government. The Star 3 was built with highly complex welding methods that are also used on our nuclear subs to withstand pressure in deep waters. The Defense Department believed it would be a security risk to allow the Soviet Union to have the Star 3 No sale.

At the United Nations, a U.S. delegate has told the buttinsky committee on decolonization that it had better not bring up the subject of Puerto Rico despite pressure from Castro and others to put it on the agenda.

Result? The Jean-Paul Sartres and Bertrand Russells continue to blast away at the Yankee imperialists. But on the other side of the world (where world opinion isn't called "world opinion" because it is pro-us) the Brunei chief of state announces: "I have absolute confidence in the United States policy in Vietnam. . . . The war is not a question of defending Southeast Asia, it is a question of defending what is good against what is evil." The foreign minister of Thailand comments that General de Gaulle "doesn't know a darn thing" about Southeast Asia. And that the General's desire to halt the war and the American military effort is motivated by the fact that "France failed there [and he] doesn't want to see the Americans succeed." Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, a going-away leftist, adds that if the United States can prevent the enemy from winning in Vietnam, it will have made "a valuable long-term contribution to stability in the area."

Toughness would seem to beget toughness.

With All Deliberate Speed?

The *National Catholic Reporter,* a weekly edited by laymen in Kansas City, Mo., has obtained and published the report of the Papal Commission on Birth Control, which you will recall was submitted to Paul VI last June and rumored to have favored a relaxation of the Church's ban on contraception. The published texts show the rumors were true.

As against a minority which argues on theological, social and economic grounds that contraception is "always seriously evil," a majority of the Pope's advisers (numbering in all sixty clerical and lay experts) holds that the Church's official teaching on

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MAY 2, 1967

From the Hip

Travel: the View from the Other Side

ROBERT M. PATRICK

I think travel is broadening.

I never miss a chance to get up and go: to see something different, revisit the fun places of yesteryear—that kind of thing. I especially love boats, on which one can *really* get away from it all (telephones, mail—the *lot*).

Just the other day, I heard the sea's siren call (I've found that writing columns isn't as easy as it looks—just as Bill Buckley predicted). Call me Impetuous Bob if you will, but I was up in a flash, into a cab and, minutes later, I sprinted through the closing gate at South Ferry.

Patrick

How quickly the sea breeze can refresh one! The half-hour ride to Staten Island may not be the world's longest, but it certainly is cheap! (A nickel—columnists must watch such things.) I disembarked in St. George a new man. The view from the other side (i.e., Staten Island) can be breathtaking: on a clear day, the skyscrapers of Manhattan, although miles away, stand out like minarets of some distant desert city. This particular day smog prevented that kind of view. As a matter of fact I could barely see the end of the boat.

Buckley for Mayor

Did you know that Staten Island is a conservative bastion? Percentage-wise, Bill Buckley got more votes from the island than from any of the other four boroughs. Can you *imagine* what would have happened if S. I. were the *largest* borough, population-wise, rather than the smallest (which, of course, it is)? Oh well. Wait till next time.

While there, I decided to investigate the sources of conservative strength. Leaving the terminal, I set out to do my legwork on foot, helped along by a smartly-blowing sea breeze which, here, is quite distinctive. (Some of the natives attribute its distinction to water pollution in the harbor; others, to air pollution wafted over from neighboring New Jersey. Anyway, you can't miss it.)

I stopped at the first newsstand, to see how NR was doing: "How is *National Review* selling, my good man?" I said forcefully to the figure huddled in the well-ventilated kiosk. "Look buddy," he answered cannily, "if you see it, I got it; if ya doan see it, I ain't." Obviously he had not got my meaning. I decided not to press the point, and pushed on.

A Goldwater Look-Alike

Next I chanced upon a tall fellow who looked so much like Barry Goldwater that I just had to stop him and ask "has anyone ever told you that you look just like Barry Goldwater." The last four words he said right along with me, but after that he seemed pleasant enough.*

"Sir," I opened, "my purpose is to discover first-hand how Staten Island became an Island of Conservatism in New York's Liberal sea. I wonder if you might help me?

"Why not?" he answered. "First off, islands are usually conservative, are they not?" He had me there. He continued: "Then, there's *National Review*—you *have* heard of *National Review*, haven't you?"

In a flash, the biting sea breeze was forgotten. I was *on* to something here: "You *bet* I have, sir," I shot back, "and I don't mind telling you it's the finest magazine in America today—conservative or otherwise!"

"Agreed!" said my tall new friend. "But then, why doesn't it have, say, a zillion readers?" I opened my mouth to rebut him . . .

"I'll tell you why!" he raced on. "It's because all kinds of people who *should* be reading it regularly have never even heard of it—that's why!"

After that we talked of many things, long and seriously; we dropped into a small cafe, to warm ourselves with mulled wine; we covered subjects never, perhaps, covered before. I can't quite remember. But when, rather late that evening, I got back to the YMCA, his declaration was still ringing in my mind: *It's because all kinds of people who should be reading it regularly have never even heard of it!*

How true! I swore then that I would devote my next column to a plain-spoken straight-out pitch to every NR reader to do his part: to reach without delay for the card facing this page, to rrrrripp it out, and to use it to introduce someone new to *National Review!*

When I handed in my copy to Editor Buckley, he reminded me that I had promised to write my next column on "poll-taking." Funny. I forgot that too. Well, as Bill says, wait till next time.

* Take my word for it; there really *is* such a fellow, and he really does live on Staten Island, all year round.

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the matter is "in evolution," and that in fact contraception can be admitted well within the limits of the classic doctrine. On the all-important question of contraceptive methods, the report is vague, cautionary and remonstrative rather than explicit: "Man . . . cannot manipulate his body and organs in an arbitrary fashion" . . . "The rhythm method is very deficient" . . . The proposition that "to legitimize contraception will prepare the way for indulgence with regard to . . . abortion, fellatio, anal intercourse, fornication, adultery and masturbation" is "far . . . from the truth." But Catholics who sense change in the air may easily conclude on the authority of such a finding by the majority of so solemn a body, that change has come, at least to the extent of thrusting the problem wholly into private conscience—unless the Pope himself chooses to repeat the statement he made four months after the Commission had turned in its report, in which he affirmed that the traditional teaching on birth control ("always seriously evil") had not changed, and was not in doubt.

Margaret Sanger, Where Are You?

In Uruguay, the gals conclude
A man's a mouse without a brood.
He's out of fashion without a passion
For making whoopee.

A Hindu daddy won't allow
The Pill for Mom—much less a *cow*.
400 million will be a billion . . .
He's making whoopee.

Although demographers insist
Unless we stop, we'll start to list,
We've got a hobby (just look at Bobby!)
For making whoopee.

W. H. von Dreele

THE NR POLL

Newest results in our continuing study of *NR* readers' preferences for the 1968 Republican Presidential nominee show less willingness than ever to settle for a distinctly liberal candidate. Here are the figures, rounded off to the nearest full percentage point, from our latest (and, so far, largest) sampling, with results of last month's sampling in parentheses for comparison purposes:

1. I expect to vote for any Presidential candidate the Republican Party is likely to nominate in 1968, on the theory that any Republican will be better than anyone the Democrats are likely to name. 9% (16%)

2. I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 only if he is a conservative. 23% (25%)

3. I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 if he is a conservative or at least a middle-of-the-roader, but not if he is a liberal. 41% (39%)

4. If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will vote for a third-party candidate or write in a conservative candidate. 20% (17%)

5. If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will vote for Johnson. 4% (1%)

6. If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will not vote for a Presidential candidate. 2% (2%)

Note that while the percentage of respondents who will support a conservative (2) or middle-of-the-roader (3) remains virtually the same, the percentage who will go all the way with any Republican (1) is down significantly.

Several readers checked more than one response; for example, some who chose (2)—conservative only—also chose (4)—write-in or third party. Of those who chose (2), 36% marked a supplementary choice—(4), 76%; (5), 10% or (6), 14%. Of those who chose (3)—conservative or middle-of-the-roader—25% had more to say—64% also chose (4); 16%, (5) and 21%, (6). The wide popularity of (4) among these readers as well as the one fifth of those replying (20%) who checked that response alone suggests that if the 1968 convention names an out-and-out liberal, the Republican party will face a possibly disastrous third-party or write-in threat.

Although the Poll is restricted to *NR* subscribers, we recently tested our results by polling a selected group of conservative *non*-subscribers. Save for the fact that a larger percentage of this group was willing to support any Republican in 1968, the results were almost the same: (1), 19%; (2), 19%; (3), 41%; (4), 16%; (5), 2%; (6), 3%.

Many readers are showing an active interest in the Poll that is not satisfied merely by marking down their own choices. Mr. F. H. Templin of North Bend, Wash., for example, after several lively discussions with friends, circulated it among the members of his local conservative club. The results were rather different from the over-all figures above: 79% registered for (2)—conservative only—with 11% each for (1) and (3).

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Der Alte

Konrad Adenauer, RIP

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

For once, and for the only time in their history, the Germans had a leader: a wise and hard man who knew how to shape a people and history. Adenauer's achievements and failures will be the subject of historians for decades to come, but I, here and today, am not writing history. I am writing a love letter to a dead man.

For this wise and hard man, who seemed to excude superiority and misanthropy, was privately and tenderly beloved by some of his contemporaries, loved as one loves a beautiful child. And this was so because a rare and fortuitous thing had occurred: the human substance endured and overcame political success. I, at least, loved Adenauer for this one reason.

This was not just because of his spectacular vitality—though it was surely gratifying to see, in our youth-crazy era, a man of ninety demonstrate more *joie de vivre* than the next several puny generations. In an age in which human dignity is downgraded we encountered a man who possessed it with perfect grace. And so we loved him.

A Thousand Words

He was not smarter than most of us, not even shrewder and certainly not better educated. As Germany's anemic intellectuals soon discovered (for it was one of Adenauer's most attractive talents to make the right enemies), his vocabulary did not go much beyond a thousand words. But with a mere thousand words Adenauer could define the whole world and express all of life's meaning: that man is born to prove himself worthy of creation; not to radiate in brilliance, not to dream dreams of intoxication, but to be worthy and be dignified. Adenauer did not know very much about cultural sophistication, but he knew all there is to know about civilization: that it consists, essentially, of nothing but the mores and manners by which men manage to coexist with with one another in the daily world.

He was indubitably the most political person among the Germans, but he took no great interest in politics. For him, politics was the adequate execution of self-understood duties—and they were, to him, self-understood because Adenauer was an unhesitant Christian. He had little interest in theology, but he possessed an inviolate and inviolable idea of God. The educated asses who were always trying to belittle him in Germany, correctly accused him of lying occasionally. Yes, he lied occasionally—just as all honest men occasionally lie: to stay alive politically and, thus, in a position to do what is necessary.

He Belonged to the World

He was no saint. He was merely a good Christian—which is more or less all a person can ever make of himself. Adenauer (which is why we loved him, and why the intellectuals hated him) probably never had a doubt in his life. He saw what he had to do—and did it. He did not always see correctly. But he always acted correctly—namely, under moral stimuli which he never doubted.

The whole civilized world mourns him, for this man, who to the end remained a provincial German, belonged to the whole world; for the people in the whole civilized world, nauseated by the loss of nerve and loss of poise all around, recognized in him one of the Ten Just Men for whom the Bible keeps searching.

Adenauer (and this, too, is why we loved him) produced an absolutely improbable miracle: he succeeded in convincing the world, in twenty short years, that the Germans are exactly like all other people—seducible, but capable of morality; without much faith, but yearning for it; born for mischief, but also for greatness. Adenauer demonstrated it with his own example—not with the trickery of "public relations," not with fake remorse, but with his manly poise and his Christian naturalness.

Having finished their sleazy affair with "the *Uebermensch*," the Germans ran into a real man—and they recovered their sanity. That Adenauer happened to be around at zero hour was of course an accident—but one of those accidents which, on the whole, make history meaningful. He was, exactly and entirely, what a socially and humanly ravished Germany needed—doctor and medicine rolled into one. He brought to the Germans, first of all, the moderate temptations of rhetoric. Here was genius of normalcy had never suffered the emotions of superman, the poisonous passions of mission, the temptations of rhetorics. Here was a man who had never felt any doubt about God or himself; a man of cool self-control, as far removed from Utopia as from Hell. A quiet man, a skeptical man, a dignified man. With a genius as Chancellor, Germany probably would have died, in the Forties; but with Adenauer it crept safely into the lassitude of convalescence. For with him to ensure a moderate pulse-beat, Germany felt at last at home—in the haven of human normalcy.

To be sure, Germany was soon to discover that Adenauer's sense of order included a demanding sense of *moral* order. For Adenauer (and for that we loved him), the essence of human normalcy remained the human being's immutable hunger for freedom. After a while, this disturbed the comfort of some Germans, primarily the educated asses. Cool and skeptical Adenauer was "a crusader"—a man whose personal dignity evolved out of a profound respect for the dignity of all other people. Adenauer never lost his mistrust of totalitarian impudence and his resolution to win over arrogant evil.

This, in the end, brought his career to a close in Germany—and made him, to the whole civilized world, finally the great, wise and beloved *Alte*. In this monumental person, the simplicity of an honest man had merged with the passion of the moral law. He was a perfect child of the nineteenth century—and, if there is to be a twenty-first century, he will be its father.

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CHUCK PERCY

GARRY WILLS

Political Twiggy

Charles H. Percy, freshman senator from Illinois, is the rage of the spring season, posing his mannikin-adaptable image in all the newest candidate styles. The Twiggy of politics—photogenic ideological neuter. This sudden political rise—he is in one sense a debutant at 47, since this is his first season in elective office of any sort—prompts the question: can he *keep* rising? There is no reason to doubt it. Habits are hard things to break.

I

Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I considered, with my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and when this [cod] *came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs. Then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you." So I dined upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one had a mind to do.*

—B.F. (Benjamin Franklin, *Autobiography*)

I apologized to the Senator for my Sunday-supplement question—but added, truthfully, I had been led to expect a better than Sunday-supplement answer: What books have most influenced his thinking? Reflective pause. "*The Federalist Papers*—I have one of the early bindings of all the *Papers* together. Besides, I studied them with one of my professors—Bob Goldwin—as recently as six years ago. I wrote an essay on every *Paper*.

"Then, in my youth, Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* had a tremendous influence on me.

"Third, I would say a book I was responsible for—*Decisions for a Better America*. I was just reading parts of it again, and we did a good job on that.

"Then both the Kennedy books—Sorensen's and Schlesinger's.

"I have been reading a lot on the Senate lately—some of it nuts and bolts stuff; and some lighter things like *The Citadel*."

I was a bit surprised that he had not mentioned the Bible or (since he is a Christian Scientist) Mrs. Eddy's work. I tried to move over in that direction. What about theology books? "Oh, I was about to undertake a seminar with my daughter Valerie on the work of that great man who died recently at Chicago University—oh, you know his name as well as I do. I had all his works out, and he was going to have lunch with us." The Senator never did dredge up Paul Tillich's name; but he had his books out and was poised on the brink of Seminar (a mystic word with Charles Percy). Had Tillich lived, he might have been asked to correct an essay on every one of his books. Since he died, of course, there was no need to read the books.

I tried again. What books on religion have influenced him? "Oh, I study all religions—Indian when I am in India; Valerie and I studied Greek mythology on the boat that took us to Greece. It was my last long happy time with her."

One more try. Are you a born Christian Scientist or a convert? "Born. I think most people stay in the religion they were born into. When I was in high school, twenty of us got together and decided to attend each other's church on successive Sundays, studying each church we attended. Then, at the end of the twenty weeks, we would all join the one that was the best. But after it was over, every one of us stayed in his own church—which I think is nice." (*I put down. . . a creed containing, as I thought, the essentials of every known religion, and being free of everything that might shock the professors of any religion.*—B.F.)

It was becoming clear that no book had ever influenced him toward anything impolitic. The Bad Word around his Illinois and Washington offices is "ideology." The Good Word is "problem-solving." Would you call the Senator more liberal or more conservative, I asked his administrative assistant, Tom Hauser. "I would say he is a Problem-Solver," he answered meditatively, taking time to pick the precise word. "He sees a problem and then goes out and solves it." Bully. But how does he know it is a problem, or that he is moving it toward (rather than away from) solution unless he measures the situation against some set of *norms*? "That's the trouble with you NATIONAL REVIEW people. You over-intellectualize things. You know it's a problem when you see it." (*For these fifty years past no one has heard a dogmatical expression escape me.* —B.F.)

A 'Great Books' Man

I had been led, by certain of his academic admirers, to think that Percy himself "intellectualized" things, if not quite "over-intellectualizing" them. He loves to organize study groups. He attended a whole series of seminars run by his one-man brain trust of a few years back, Bob Goldwin. Percy attended the University of Chicago during the earnest days of Robert Hutchins, and, though he was too busy making money at the time to get better than C grades, he has been bemused by the Great Books ever since. He scattered them hopefully out to Bell & Howell employees. He himself never reads anything—he "studies" it, preferably in the company of others (which makes it a

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Seminar). He is an adult-education addict. The Course doesn't count unless he is amassing brownie points on his ghostly transcript.

At one of the great-book bashes, Professor Harry Jaffa delivered a brilliant paper, since published, which left a deep impression on Percy—so deep that he wrote an essay on it (with his very own hand, I am assured) to serve as preface to the book it appeared in. (I do not know whether he wrote essays on all the other papers in that volume.) It is Jaffa's thesis that our two parties do not teeter-totter evenly but remain in a state of imbalance (majority party and minority party) until some "electoral revolution" tilts things decisively, reversing the parties' roles but retaining the imbalance. There have been only four electoral revolutions—1800, 1828, 1860 and 1932. The last one made the Democrats the majority party. I asked the Senator whether he thought another electoral revolution was in the offing, making the Republicans the majority party, and he said yes. "I admit the fact that the others occurred sixty years apart [*sic*] counts against us, but I'm hopeful." Since I had heard Senator Percy, approximately ten minutes before this, tell a student group that the Republicans had now transcended ideology and begun Solving Problems, I reminded him that Jaffa claims an electoral revolution takes place, always, on fundamental differences over fundamental issues, and that "doing a better job" is the promise of the minority party in the intervals between decisive change. "Oh well, I think you have to take it a step at a time. Look how many votes we got in 1960, and I don't think we have *really* lost ground since then. We have a good chance to pick up a seat here, a seat there. It wouldn't take many." So much for that seminar. (*I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful.*—B. F.) The Senator had spiraled off around the intellectual cloverleaf before I had a chance to remark that Jaffa also notes that electoral revolutions have all come "from the Left."

After my session with the Senator, I wondered why he had so many academic admirers—those who have given papers to his great-book meetings, or the Leo Strauss students Bob Goldwin brought out to Percy's posh Kenilworth home for well-upholstered lectures. But then I reflected back on an interview I had with one of these professors. I had not been able to break the hagiography barrier—yet, despite the fact that he had said nothing which by any stretch of the mind could be interpreted as hostile to Percy, he hinted plaintively as I was leaving: "I hope you don't Manchester me." *What?* "Don't say anything that might get me in bad with him; I have to work with this man." Let an academician introduce the thin end of a toothpick into the pie of Washington power, he will soon convince himself he wields an Archimedean lever. (Percy told one journalistic adulator that "his professor" Bob Goldwin had instructed him in the political works of Locke, Mill and *Archimedes.*)

It is recorded that there lived in Rome at this time a poor simple-minded French friar named Father Jacquier de Vitry who acquired a most tender attachment for the great Cardinal. Bernis used to invite him to dinner, but as the friar was so humble, the rules of protocol required him to sit at the bottom of the table, far removed from his host. So Bernis said to him: "When I do this (putting his finger to his nose) you can know I am thinking of you." And ever and anon during the banquet he would be seen to glance down the table along the profiles in serried rows of gobbling cardinals and scintillating duchesses, to make his little signal to the poor old man just visible through the forest of candles. And then the face of the poor toothless friar would be transfigured with joy.

Marcus Cheke,
The Cardinal de Bernis

II

What if the girl one rescued was not a merchant's daughter?

—Donald Meyer, on Horatio Alger

Percy is such a story-book scurrier from rags to riches that men have imposed on his career the classic pattern: it is said, in ingeniously varied ways, that his first wife was the daughter of a Bell & Howell dignitary, or had stock in the company, or some such. This rumor feeds on the fact that her father was connected with a plumbing firm called Bell and Gossett—no connection with Bell & Howell. The rumors are false. Percy did not marry the merchant's daughter.

He wooed the merchant. Joseph H. McNabb, a Christian Scientist, taught Sunday School back in the Thirties, and his favorite pupil was Chuck Percy—who told me the story. (His face lit up; at last I had touched on a subject that interested him. He tells The Story smoothly and well, the result of long practice. His ardor has not been dimmed by repetition): "It was depression time and we were very poor. My father could only get work at night, as a hotel clerk—$35 a week, twelve hours a night. I knew Mr. McNabb owned some kind of company, so I told him about my father, said he was a good man but couldn't get work because he was over fifty, and we never saw him because of his night job, and did his firm hire men over fifty? He said yes, send him around. So dad went to work for Bell & Howell—still for $35 a week, but daytime, and only eight hours." (*He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you yourself have obliged.*—B. F.)

"The summer before I went to the University of Chicago, I applied for a job at Bell & Howell without McNabb's knowing it. After the summer was over, I submitted a report showing my job was unnecessary. The foreman took the report to McNabb and said, 'I don't think your bright young fellow is so bright after all. He was just dumb enough to get rid of his own job.'" (The foreman, you see, knew who Chuck was, and his relation to the boss.) "But McNabb was a Scotsman! *He* didn't think it a dumb thing." (Better throw that in, to make sure everyone gets the point. The Speech gets told to every kind of audience.) "So he called me in, and told me to submit a report at the end of every summer. I submitted one next year; but the summer after that, no report showed up—I had gone to work for Crowell-Collier. McNabb called me in and asked why I had not worked for him that summer. 'Because I got three times the pay at Crowell-Collier.' He said that was very shortsighted on my part, that a boy my age should be working for experience, not the money. I said, 'I thought that, under our fine system of

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free enterprise, if I was getting three times the pay I must be getting three times the experience.' He didn't say anything; but that struck him." (Again, better make sure; one meets all types out on the hustings.) "I went back to work for him next summer, at a considerable raise." (*There being always in the world a number of rich merchants, nobility, states, and princes, who have need of honest instruments for the management of their affairs, and such being so rare, I have endeavored to convince young persons that no qualities were so likely to make a poor man's fortune as those of probity and integrity.*—B. F.)

"Then, when I graduated from the University of Chicago, he told me: 'I don't mind your looking for other jobs, but I ask this one thing—that you come to tell me what you are going to do before you take the job.' So I hunted around and found a job with Armstrong Cork, then went and told McNabb it was a good job, with high pay. Without asking what the pay was he said 'I'll double it.' I went to work for him permanently.

"A few years later he had me out to his home and said, 'I'm very sick, and I'm going to take a chance. After I die, all my family's money will be tied up in my third of Bell & Howell's stock. I'm going to leave a letter saying it is my will that you be the president of the corporation.' About two years after that he died; a meeting of the Board was called, his letter was opened—it was a long one, setting out all the reasons why he thought I would make a good president—and I was chosen." Age, twenty-nine.

Adopted Fathers

Percy has always been good at adopting fathers. His entrance into politics was by way of the Illinois United Republican Fund, which Percy reformed and made a roaring success. A party worker in Illinois says, "He was good at cultivating the old men with lots of money—people like General Wood." It was because of his success as a Republican fund-raiser that he got his invitation to the White House. This was his most important "adoption" since the high-school courtship of McNabb. He went about it carefully. A Bell & Howell executive called the audio-visual department of the National Committee (which used B & H equipment) to ask whether President Eisenhower would be amenable to the gift of a specially prepared camera line. The question went to Len Hall, who referred it to Sherman Adams. Then, back down through channels, came the answer: Bring it. Percy, who always checks over the heads of subordinates, called the National Committee to make sure his executive had not misunderstood the answer. There must be no mistakes in this operation.

A witness to the ingratiating process of the next few months analyzes it this way: "Ike loved Chuck. He didn't trust politicians, only businessmen. And, as a general, he was used to a lot of bright young staff officers being obsequious to him." Percy still addresses the ex-President as "General."

With Ike's paternal (and Milton Eisenhower's avuncular) blessing, Percy was sent as special ambassador to presidential inaugurations in Peru and Bolivia. He was offered the HEW post to succeed Mrs. Hobby—but the Bell & Howell board said he would have to resign permanently to take it. (A cynic observed that it was strange for a corporation whose major outlet was educational movie projectors to ask a man to *resign* to become Secretary of educational matters.)

As usual, Percy was combining his personal rise with general Uplift. His appetite for study groups was still with him—but now he could have *nationwide* seminars. He pushed the idea, with Eisenhower, of a study of the National Goals. A commission was set up to tell us all about them (a kind of Great Goals Club), and another group was established—under Percy himself—to establish the goals of the Republican Party. "In business, we are planning at least five years ahead. We have to know what we will be doing next year and the year after. What we are doing now must have been planned long ago. It should be the same in politics." His own study club, the Committee on Program and Progress, was the one Professor Jaffa enlightened on the subject of electoral revolutions. In line with the incumbent President's nonpartisanship, this project—financed by an uneasy Republican National Committee—called on and employed Democrats and unregistered researchers. In time it gestated the book that comes in immediately after *The Federalist Papers* and Ben Franklin as a molder of Chuck Percy's mind—*Decisions for a Better America.*

This book appeared in 1959, just before a Presidential campaign. Percy explained to the General that his report obviated the need for a Republican Platform in 1960—it was just a question of trimming and rephrasing *Decisions* ("We did a good job on that").

So the bright staff officer, with his summer's-end report, was chosen the Platform Chairman—chosen, that is, by the White House. Not chosen yet, way off down the chain of command, in Illinois. Percy was not even a delegate to the convention. But room can be found in a hurry when one comes with a message from the President. As accommodatingly as the Bell & Howell board when it opened McNabb's letter, the party in Illinois loosened its disgruntled ranks to let Chuck rise magically through them. A delegate was bumped to insure him a berth, and Senator Dirksen, no less, withdrew from the Platform Committee to let Percy in. Things did not go so magically, however, at the convention itself. The Platform Committee resented the fact that, as one who worked with it says, "They had been asked to issue a second edition of Chuck's book." Representative Melvin Laird had to gavel things back together. "Life with Father" had not prepared Percy, yet, for dealing with his equals. Or even for finding them.

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III

But there's that upturned chin
And the grin of impetuous youth—
I believe in you! I believe in you!
—J.P.F. (J. Pierrepont Finch, his Autobiography composed before a mirror)[1]

Hustled off the Senate floor to meet a delegation of Illinois farmers, Percy gearshifts into his "heck-b'gosh-b'gum" style. All those city slickers sure do cause you fellows trouble: "I was on the board of a bank, so I know how city people ship their money out of Illinois in March and bring it back after the tax boys go. You can't take your *cows* over the state line in April." He has the mesmeric John Kennedy way with statistics. He assures them he does not want to cut farm supports, merely to cut the bungling inefficiency in Washington and return control to the farmers themselves. "The more people we have here in Washington at the Farm Bureau, the more problems we have. I don't understand this government's way of doing things. I've never run a business in debt, or been on the board of a university that operated in debt, or been in debt myself. They tell me I'll get used to the way things are done here, but I don't know." In the back of the room his legislative assistant, Marty Hoffman, is semaphoring with his clipboard, a deck man flagging his jet back to the carrier. Percy keeps an eye on the signals, and modulates toward his coda. The whole atmosphere changes—a jet, after the incessant tug of flight, relaxing into its descent. "Come and see me. You may not agree with me all the time, but"—(here a wry self-deprecating wince)—"I'm reasonably honest. One of the things that most touched me in the campaign was the time I got in a cab without the driver's seeing who I was. I asked him, as I tended to those days, 'Have you made up your mind yet about your vote for senator?' 'I think I'll go for that young fellow, Chuck Percy,' he said. 'He made his money at Bell & Howell. He doesn't have to steal mine in Washington.' " Smiles, nods, handshakes at the door.

Hoffman whispers acolytically at the side: "He loves to do this. He is so good at it. He really studied the farm problems on the Joint Economic Committee. It is a joy to work for such a man, to see how much can be accomplished." The joy is tempered somewhat today when, outside the door, Hoffman shoves at Percy a text of his remarks made earlier on the floor. The Senator snaps quietly: "I don't have to handle *this*, do I?"

On, at top speed, to a meeting of foreign students. They want to know about Vietnam. "A silly war. Who's the enemy? Who's the friend? One of our boys asked me while I was there, 'Was your war as senseless as this one?' " The South Vietnamese officials he saw were corrupt. The students leave, comforted.

Percy was not always such a smooth performer. His courtesy tended to be either perfunctory or baroquely hyperbolic. During his 1964 campaign for governor, a journalist was swimming in Percy's regulation-size indoor pool with him. They were swimming back and forth when the writer noticed that Percy was always beside and a little behind him. He decided to experiment. He sped up, slowed his crawl to a *crawl*, accelerated again—the candidate remained, always, one careful stroke behind. When they climbed out, Percy filigreed elaborate praise around the man, saying what a good swimmer he was. After all, it had worked on McNabb and Eisenhower.

In other ways, too, he *groped* during that first campaign of 1964. After committing himself to a Scranton bid for the Illinois delegation, he ran for cover when the showdown came. At the national convention he avoided controversial floor votes. His campaign tactic of supporting Goldwater "but not too much" made good political sense, but was somewhat crudely executed. During the primary race, when Goldwater was not supporting any of the rival Republicans, Percy and his photographer laid an ambush in a Chicago corridor down which Goldwater had to walk. Goldwater, spotting the trap, searched for an avenue of escape, but it was a matter of either burrowing in a broom closet or undergoing the photographed handshake—so Chuck got his picture. Later, in the campaign itself, Percy showed up for a TV appearance and found a Goldwater poster behind the lectern he was to speak at. He angrily had it removed—but was careful, first, to have party workers running the show put their agreement to the removal in writing.

Running for governor, Percy tended to be either obsequious or brusque. Voters got the impression he was looking over their shoulder while he shook their hand. He had been too busy, ever since boyhood, for the amenities. In school, he did all the things Joe College does in a Thirties movie—ran a chain of campus businesses (grossing $150,000 by his senior year), captained the water polo team that won the Big Ten championship, became President's Marshal in his last year. One who was at school with him remembers: "Just the record of what he did sounds glamorous. But it was too methodical to have any color. He decided something was worth doing, and did it, with maximum efficiency. He was not at all involved in politics then. I think he knew it would take too much time, which he had to put into making money at that stage. Politics would come later." (*I have always thought that one man of tolerable abilities may work great changes, and accomplish great affairs among mankind, if he first forms a good plan, and, cutting off all amusements or other employments that would divert his attention, makes the execution of that same plan his sole study and business.* —B. F.)

After 1964, his advisers told Percy he must slow down, look voters in the eye, and learn some signals of concern for people he speaks to. As usual, he learned fast. He was on-camera, most of the 1966 campaign, in shirtsleeves. His ad agencies gave billboard photographs a grainier effect, less glossy and a bit mussed up. He cultivates an occasional "goddamn" now, to avoid the Scranton gosh-awfulness. But it is all technique. He is still geared one way only—up. The pattern of his early life is hard to break—a pattern of devout attentiveness toward his elders, brusqueness toward underlings, and few warm relations with equals. All his staff is young and subservient (since Bob Goldwin's departure). Now *Chuck* is the General.

IV

There seems to me at present to be great occasion for raising a United Party for Virtue.—B. F.

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"Cold" is the word one keeps hearing from those who know Percy—yet not sinisterly cold. He is a sincere man who feels he must get ahead, but he does not want to hurt others in the process, and his philanthropy is genuine, not merely political. There must be many untraceable beneficiaries like the one I was able to trace—a friend of Percy's son who was on the verge of leaving college because his family's money had evaporated. The school gave him a scholarship, however, and he graduated. By accident the boy discovered from a copy of his transcript poorly processed, that the scholarship came from Charles Percy and was to be kept anonymous.

Enthusiasm for Free Trade

Nor are those men fair who say Percy is unprincipled. It is simply that his principles are not political. He is accused of being unduly fluctuant, even for a politician—the prize exhibit is his reversal, between the '64 and '66 campaigns, on the subject of open occupancy. In 1964 he said it was a matter to be worked out freely with the realtors, and that as governor he could do this. (At Bell & Howell he bestowed his charismatic presence on dealers with great success.) After he lost that race, Percy actually tried to initiate voluntary programs; he asked realtors to help him anticipate any government action. He was rebuffed—an experience he has not often undergone and does not take to kindly. In May of 1965 (not in the '66 campaign) he announced: "I have reluctantly concluded that a majority of persons engaged in the sale and rental of housing are either unable or unwilling to adopt an effective state housing code."

There is a thread of continuity in most of the stands he has taken. From earliest days he has preached free trade with an almost fundamentalist ardor—even though this put Bell & Howell in competition with Japanese cameras. This fervor lies behind his "bridges-to-the-East" approach to trade with Iron Curtain countries. His present dovishness on Vietnam was adumbrated in a 1960 motion toward recognizing Red China and in his campaign proposal for an All-Asian Peace Conference. If he lacks a political philosophy, it is not because he lacks principle. It is just that, like his patron Eisenhower, he considers himself "above politics." Back in the days when the question invariably aimed at him was "Are you a Rockefeller Republican or a Goldwater Republican?" he used to answer "I'm a Percy Republican." (*And when my faith in my fellow man/All but falls apart, I've but to feel your hand touching mine/and I take heart! I take heart!*—J.P.F.)[2]

Percy makes some messy concessions down there at the level of his elected confreres but he keeps his Soul pure of the political. He is not an opportunist in the Machiavellian sense. His is the pragmatism of the businessman: Will it sell? Is it marketable? He believes in integrity (those South Vietnamese are *corrupt*). He believes that good business is good politics (trade with the East), and that if only he could sit down with Marshal Zhukov (or the realtors, or whomever) he would negotiate "man to man" any merely ideological differences. This Charley Wilson approach produces stands that seem, from one moment to the next, either "right" or "left," "conservative" or "liberal," but are neither. They are simply good business. Which, unfortunately, is *not* always good politics.

Still, if what the Republican Party wants, this time out, is problem-solving, Chuck Percy is its man. He is the archetypal Problem-Solver—so long as you understand (as you must) that in politics problem-solving does not actually mean solving the problem, but "having a solution." Just as, in politics, answering a question does not mean confronting the question but "having an answer."

Percy loves "solutions." Schemes. A twenty-week course on religious differences. Seminars. A Committee on Program and Progress. An All-Asian Peace Conference (which was, essentially, a proposal for a UN-sponsored study club). Projects of this sort bubbled constantly at Bell & Howell. The preliminary drafting of the 1960 Platform was run as an exercise in group dynamics. "We have to show it is *exciting* to be a Republican," Percy would say as he paced from table to table. Sentences for the Platform were "keyed," then shifted around on a big board as people shouted "Hey! Let's put Sentence 2-A over in the next paragraph." Whee! It was exciting. Percy was out to capture the market from the Democrats and anything that looked salable was up for consideration. He toyed with the idea of having the Republican Party propose the admission of Red China to the UN, until White House-dispatched experts eased that dangerous toy out of his hands.

One of Percy's typical "solutions" was the New Illinois Committee, a foundation put together right after his '64 defeat. That was Percy's first setback, and he was profoundly shaken by it. He refused to blame Goldwater: "If I lost, it was because I was not a good enough candidate." He bounced back with tripled determination. He would *prove* he was right (e.g. with the realtors) or *correct* his errors (e.g. in dismissing the Negro vote). He formed the New Illinois Committee to woo the Negro vote, to keep his campaign staff together for the next outing, and to make the name Chuck Percy susurrous everywhere in Illinois. (*Previously, however, to the solicitation, I endeavored to prepare the minds of the people by writing on the subject in the newspapers, which was my usual custom in such cases.*—B. F.) Percy had already worked on literacy programs with one of his financial backers—millionnaire Clement Stone, fond patron of Chuck and of Boys' Clubs. The new Committee would battle illiteracy and illness, and channel protests to the proper source. If you have rats in your apartment, dial a number and the chocolatey recorded voice answers: "This is Call for Action, Chuck Percy speaking." As usual, the Solution made no dent in the problem, but it solved Chuck's problem—he *had* a Solution.

Percy's Housing Plan

His newest Solution is a housing plan which goes through all the motions of being private, but is, back at the end of the labyrinth, federally supported. It is a super-FHA burdened with extra bureaus, and resembles plans suggested by Reuther and Javits, among others. Washington is to guarantee the bonds, keep down interest, put up part of the "initial" subscription—*and* "during periods of

2. *Ibid.* Quoted with permission.

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unemployment due to layoffs, ill health, or other causes beyond the buyer's control, the *Federal Government* should establish a system of mortgage payment insurance." State and local government funds are to be involved, too. The fact that some of these bureaus would be nongovernmental allows Percy to use the rhetoric of the private sector, of individualism and initiative, to talk of frontiersmen "owning their own farms." He calls up the pictures of poor men becoming responsible by caring for their own little bungalows—though where poor men in the city are to put these bungalows when real estate is oil-field expensive, no one knows, least of all Percy. When you "called for action" in Illinois, Percy's Committee simply referred you to the relevant government agency. His housing plan is an elaboration of this device, allowing him to promise "home ownership for all, regardless of income"—along with a whole program of "sound basic education, learning needed job skills, gaining employment security." The solution promises literally *everything*. Next problem.

V

Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others that are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the the other comforts of life.—B. F.

Handsome, articulate, successful, rich—he seems to have all the political blessings. In fact, he may have one or two too many. He appears not only good, but redundantly so—drearily virtuous; a pale, politically sexless Twiggy. (*A benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.*—B. F.) Percy's very integrity and asceticism put men off—as did the groomed cool precision of Thomas Dewey, "Little Mr. Perfect." Percy does not smoke or drink. On the streets of New York, he disconcerted one worldly professor-type who suggested they stop for a drink: Percy swerved compliantly into a Schrafft's and went like a guided missile for the soda bar.

Like Dewey, who was "the little man on the wedding cake," he runs the political danger of being diminutived to death. For years, short baby-faced "Chuck" was the boy wonder promoted by avuncular patrons. He slips at times into that practiced role where it does not become him—as when he called his 1964 campaign bus the "Chuckwagon." The electorate is not made up of uncles. His speech is less saccharine now, more salty. His attempts at humor, always a bit precarious, have been cut back. He still seems, to some, the corporation Boy

Scout—a kind of gee-whiz-kid. But if succeeding means becoming less perfect, and he becomes convinced of this, Percy will no doubt pick up faults with perfect timing. As he might put it to a Bell & Howell meeting: It is simply a matter of "reprogramming."

He is buoyed up on a humorless, almost mystical self-confidence. He cannot believe that anyone *really* opposes him. The night he won the 1964 primary, he called over a prominent backer of one of his rivals and thanked him for his support. (*Evil is but an illusion, and it has no real basis.*—Mary Baker Eddy.) When *Chicago Tribune* correspondent Willard Edwards wrote an unflattering first article on his Washington debut, a national columnist asked the Senator what he thought of the piece. "I don't think Willard really wrote that," Percy answered. (*Erroneous belief is destroyed by truth. Change the evidence, and that disappears which before seemed real to this false belief, and the human consciousness rises higher.*—Mary Baker Eddy.)

Percy's belief that he can always bring others around, if only he is given a chance to show them how reasonable his demands are, has been a political drawback at times. It has led him to underestimate the opposition, to trust in his charm and neglect the use of political muscle. It gives him a certain naiveté in his discussion of the conflicts between nations. He believes his silver trumpet will bring walls tumbling down. On the other hand, once he runs into tough opposition— the Illinois realtors, for instance, or Illinois labor unions—the baffling experience makes him harden. This might happen to his foreign policy if he were President and some premier had the effrontery to resist him.

His religion, his temperament, his training all reinforce Percy's assurance that everyone is, deep in his heart, on the side of the best of all possible men for this best of all possible nations. (*I concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world.*—B. F.) After all, if one can will one's way to health, why not to success? Indeed, is not failure a kind of sickness, signifying lack of faith? Percy does not lack faith. He fell in love with his seventeen-room mansion when he was a schoolboy working as an usher at a nearby theater. The owner of the house came to the theater, and Percy went up to him: "I told him that if he decided to sell the house, be sure to call me. It was a dream then, because my family was poor. Years later, he called me and told me he wanted to sell it. Then I could afford it, and I leaped at the opportunity."

In this same period, he used to bicycle the family's rent ($65 a month), in bits and snatches as members of the family brought it in from odd jobs, to a landlady named Mrs. McDonald. She says, "I never saw a boy with his goals so set, or so determined to reach them. He told me he would be President some day." (*Perhaps the most important part of that journal is the plan to be found in it, which I formed at sea, for regulating my future conduct in life. It is the more remarkable as being formed when I was so young, and*

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yet being pretty faithfully adhered to quite through to old age.—B. F.)

Percy has reason to be almost superstitious about his destiny. Luck has cosseted him all his life. His Sunday school teacher was McNabb. His job at Bell & Howell was in defense products (six months after he took it, we entered the war). When he was losing the 1964 primary, the leading contender (Charles Carpentier) died in mid-campaign. While he conducted a race designed to "humanize" him in 1966, his daughter died in tragic circumstances—what the Greek tragedian called "a brutal blessing."

Despite all these strokes of fate, Percy has lived up to every job luck threw his way. If the gods have helped him at each step, that did not make him any less prompt in helping himself. This may be a case where the two come to much the same thing. In the system of Heraclitus—and of Mrs. Eddy—"man fates himself." In that sense, Percy is a kind of destiny machine. He believes in him.

We Are Proud My Wife and I

Reflection on Poetry's *recent jeremiad on ". . . those in Vietnam being eaten up by America."*

Next door a green frame house trimmed
yellow lemon treed all round

of mornings she the wife would let an
ivory hand drop from kitchen window as
gulls swoop softly the sea plucking fish she
lemons for morning tea

yesterday two strangers in the yard reached up to
slit her throat from ear to ear

i was sitting with my wife sipping
coffee at the time and
did not interfere but discussed it all the day

the evening candles lit supplied by
crystal light we watched our neighbor
homeward from the fields

in lemons light he filled her window with his
fears the morning strangers striking from behind

my wife had merely passed the frosted grapes but it
was when our biting broke the skins his eyes across
the way outgrew the moon and turning back too soon we
saw those eyes fall backward in the brain
there were some complained when all was known and
horror shown that we had witnessed
severing of a head with such demean

yet we are proud my wife and i
though empty sockets regard us as we dine

we had forced our will.

"How sweet to dwell
in peace with those
we love."

THOMAS BORU

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The Other Vietnams

The current Vietnam affair, like all things temporal, is existentially unique. Nevertheless, there are precedents, analogues and parallels for nearly every important aspect: for what has been happening in the local region; for the American action; for the action of the Communist states; for the line taken by Communist parties, fronts and fellow travelers; and for the attitudes taken by intellectuals, students and publicists inside as well as outside the United States. The closest analogies are furnished by Greece in 1947-49 and Korea in 1950-53, but the Dominican Republic, the Philippines, Guatemala and Formosa are also in the ancestral line.

Burnham

Although in our day there are no "pure" civil wars—at any rate, none that last for any length of time — the struggle in Greece was more nearly civil than that in Vietnam today. The revolutionary side was led by Communists with sanctuaries in Yugoslavia (until the Tito split) and Bulgaria. It was supplied from and in part trained and led by the Soviet Union and other Communist nations. The U.S., taking over from Britain, sent in advisers, instructors, weapons and then soldiers to support the Greek government. The U.S. force was the decisive military factor.

The Communists denounced the U.S. as a brutal imperialist aggressor, an ally of black monarchism, a destroyer of simple Greek peasants who only wanted freedom from tyrants, militarists and landlords. Throughout the world, not least in the U.S., this campaign was echoed in Left, liberal and intellectual circles, which, as is their habit, swallowed hook, line and sinker the picture filtered out from the Communist propaganda apparat. I well remember Dwight Macdonald rushing around, much as he has been doing the past two years, explaining to audiences and readers how the Greek war was a heroic battle of the Greek masses against the forces of national and international reaction, and demanding, as the tune always goes, a U.S. pullout.

Along the 38th Parallel

In the Korean war there was the arbitrary geographical line dividing a people, just as in Vietnam. By an accident the intervening anti-Communist force was able to use the UN label, but in reality it consisted, as previously in Greece and now in Vietnam, of Americans with auxiliary and allied support. The global propaganda campaign, initiated by the Communists and relayed by fellow travelers, dupes and innocents, went according to standard operating procedure. Truman equaled Johnson; MacArthur (until he got fired) was a combined Rusk-McNamara. These were the salad days of the World Peace Council and big Peace Congresses spotted over the globe. *Ban the Bomb!* slogans, the Stockholm Pledge, etc. were launched, successfully, to discourage nuclear escalation by the U.S. command. Manchuria, given the sanctuary privilege, served not only as refuge and training field for the North Koreans but as staging ground for the Chinese armies. As special fillip there was the germ warfare charge that was taken up by the anti-warriors everywhere, this country very much included.

We may trace similar patterns in the case of U.S. intervention in Formosa and, during the postwar battle against the Huks, in the Philippines. In these instances as in relation to Greece, Korea and the Dominican Republic, the non-Communist critics of the U.S. action were particularly fond of a humanitarian and democratic argument, the groundwork for which had been prepared by Communist sources and circulated by sympathetic or credulous journalists. Whatever else might be at stake, we were told, the "real sufferers" were the peasants and workers of—(supply the name of the moment) who wanted only to have their own country and live in peace. *They* hate the imperialist outsider and support the local National Liberation Front, secretly when not openly. America is crushing *them* and their aspirations. Whoever might win the war, their country will be ruined in the process.

How about that? Leaving global strategy aside, how do these U.S. operations really work out from the point of view of the victim nations? Not so badly, by the record.

Again, the Facts

Greece, very poor in resources, has been in bad shape since the Periclean Age. It has not, perhaps, become affluent since 1949, but it has advanced remarkably, and is much better off than for more than two thousand years. Compare Greece, for relevant example, to Bulgaria.

In a recent series of articles, the *Economist* named Free China and South Korea along with Pakistan as the underdeveloped nations that had done best, and had made best use of international aid. Free China, with a standard of living next only to Japan in Asia, has in fact taken the jump to self-sustaining growth, and no longer gets or needs foreign economic aid. It has also put through the world's most successful agrarian reform. These nations are dramatic advertisements for U.S. anti-Communist intervention. Without U.S. intervention and aid, Greece, South Korea and Formosa certainly, and the Philippines probably, would have been taken over by the Communists. Have they done better or worse because U.S. action prevented the takeover? There is no doubt how the large majority of their inhabitants answer.

In these earlier cases U.S. action has been a) successful in its strategic objective of blocking Communist expansion, and b) economically, politically and socially beneficial, on net, under the given real conditions, to the people concerned. There is no reason to believe that the Vietnam outcome will differ from its precedents, if Lyndon Johnson's resolution endures.

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African Affairs

A Confusion of Colonels

ELSPETH HUXLEY

Only a combined operation by Evelyn Waugh, Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert could do justice to the take-over by the army, one battalion strong, of Sierra Leone. What with swapping colonels in mid-air; the outgoing and incoming prime ministers plus the sole brigadier in the clink; the election opponent of Sir Albert Margai, outgoing P. M., disqualified on the grounds that one of his sponsors was sitting for examinations and thus assumed, despite a birth certificate to the contrary, to be under twenty-one; and judges taking oaths of allegiance without knowing to whom they were pledging their allegiance, the situation has moved well into the realm of *opera bouffe*. Now the dapper Colonel Andrew Juxon-Smith (Freetown and Sandhurst) has made the usual pronouncements about rooting out corruption and nepotism, uniting our beloved country and one day—date unspecified—handing over to a democratic regime. Freetown has preserved a touch of the bizarre ever since it was founded, nearly two centuries ago, on a barren shore by 351 slaves unexpectedly freed by a legal judgment, plus sixty prostitutes shanghaied for their comfort in Plymouth.

Elspeth Huxley

Slaughter of the Ibos

In Nigeria, "the African giant," life is a great deal more real, earnest and bloody. The Federation, rescued from collapse by Lt. Colonel Yakubu Gowon after the assassination of two previous sets of rulers, already teeters on the verge of dissolution. It has been a federation in little more than name only since the Hausa-speaking Muslim northerners turned with appalling ferocity on the hated Ibos from the Eastern Region, slaughtered them in thousands and drove an estimated million and a half of them to the sanctuary of their own Region, whence their military governor, Lt. Colonel Ojukwu, refuses to emerge even to discuss a new constitution. The complete withdrawal of the Eastern Region from the shattered Federation seems to be only a matter of time. Yet there is no certainty in African affairs; like many pairs of African trousers, patchwork sometimes survives to serve its purpose long after it has become impossible to distinguish the patches from the original garment.

The most significant trend of the last eighteen months has been the rise of the colonels. Who would have supposed, when all these brave new democracies were launched, that their future masters were to be found not in the tutorial rooms and debating clubs of Oxford, Cambridge and the London School of Economics, sitting at the feet of Dame Margery Perham, but on the parade ground of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, presenting arms and not petitions? Last year, and in the first quarter of this one, colonels have taken over in ten countries, three of them formerly British (Ghana, Nigeria and now Sierra Leone), five French, and two Belgian. So evidently the particular pattern of democracy favored by the ex-colonial powers has made no difference. Instant democracy just hasn't worked, and the only institution with discipline, independence and the power to enforce law and order is the army. So out go the demagogues and in come the brisk young colonels with their well-cut uniforms, *savoir faire* and habit of command. By and large they have been welcomed with relief by a populace tired of the log-rolling, nest-lining, tub-thumping tactics of the politicians.

Most of the politicians who retain control have seen the red light and are tightening their grip on their countries and parties. In February, Julius Nyerere's single-party government of Tanzania took over the banks as a prelude to the nationalization of all means of production and exchange —such as they are in this land of peasants, bush and tsetse fly with a national annual income of less than $750 per capita. Tanzanian currency has been refused in neighboring Kenya and Uganda, its value has nosedived and the banks in Dar-es-Salaam have withdrawn their staffs. President Nyerere, wearing a tunic cut in Chinese fashion and pondering on the thoughts of Mao, rusticated half the students of his university for speaking out of turn, and has now renamed the Youth Branch of his Peoples' Defense Force the Green Guards and charged them to defend Tanzanian socialism from capitalist exploiters. Nevertheless, "we want foreign investors to feel that Tanzania needs foreign investment and is a good place in which to invest," says the government's declaration of intent to take over everything from insurance, wholesale business and transport to textile, cement and fertilizer factories. The capacity for doublethink and self-deception shared by politicians everywhere seems to be setting new records in Africa.

Nyerere Disillusioned

By nationalizing the banks and creating a separate currency, Nyerere has finally broken what remained of the loose economic union of Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania. Formerly, he was its strongest champion. African unity was his goal, and non-alignment; he has abandoned both. Bitterly disillusioned by the African failure to achieve unity after independence, he has turned for solace to the thoughts of Mao. The actions of Mao's men are proving as illusory as African unity; there have been many promises but little that is positive in the way of cash, experts, equipment and loans. On all sides, disillusionment stalks African leaders like a leopard, forcing them into desperate measures to sustain their own confidence and forestall the revolt of their even more disillusioned followers.

The pattern of events in the first decade of independence has been one of splitting as opposed to splicing; a breaking down rather than a building up. The first to go was the un-

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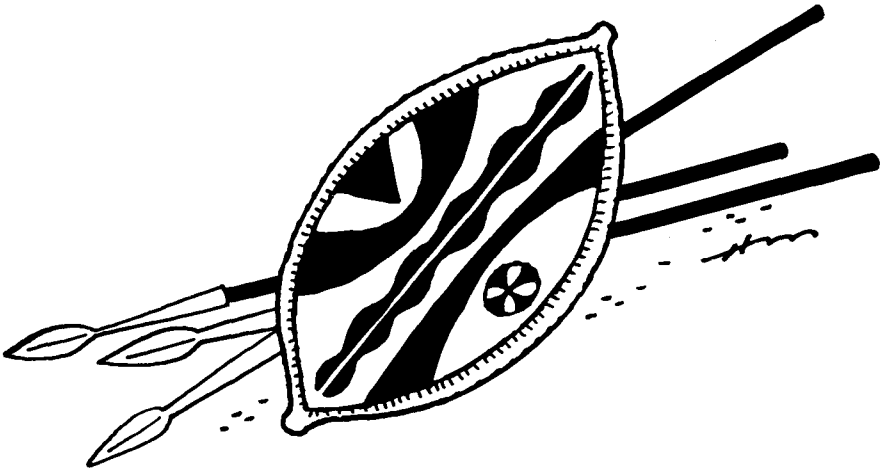
lamented Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Then came the Congo: still, in name, a unitary state, but only just. Civil war in Sudan has simmered on for ten years and led to the death or exile, according to one estimate, of half the population of the Negro south which is resisting the rule of the Arab-speaking Muslim north. Kenya is virtually at war with Somalia, which claims the whole of Kenya's northern province; Ethiopia and Somalia, the latter armed by Russia, threaten each other across the deserts of the Ogaden; Burundi and Rwanda have come apart; Nigeria seems about to do so; the East African Common Services Organization has been whittled away to a sorry rump. Everywhere, the struggle is to maintain the status quo. Hence the single-party states with many of the trappings of dictatorship; hence the slogans, censorship and rallies; hence, as a last resort, the brisk young colonels plus an occasional brigadier. The struggle is to halt, contain and if possible reverse the disruptive, centrifugal forces of tribalism; and tribalism is still the way of life of the vast majority of the African peoples.

Tribal Loyalties Persist

The mistake the ex-colonial powers made—one mistake—was to underestimate the forces of tribal loyalty. They thought that it could all be solved by instant democracy. They thought that tribes would wither away before the sturdy growth of parliamentary institutions. They were wrong. African politicians have not made the same mistake, but they have made others: one, to suppose that unity can come through wishful thinking. It comes, if at all, generally by conquest; occasionally by long, hard, slow, painfully setback-beridden inching forward.

This is in the political field. Culturally, there seem to be more grounds for hope in what it is now fashionable to call Francophone Africa. This month, there meet in Paris representatives of the French-speaking African nations to consider a suggestion advanced jointly by Presidents Senghor of Senegal and Bourguiba of Tunisia to form a sort of French cultural commonwealth, nonpolitical and based on language, outlook and, possibly, the franc. "There are 150 million potential Francophones in the world, divided among 31 countries," observed the French spokesman for the newly formed Association of Francophone Solidarity



which is supported, with varying degrees of caution, by most of the French African leaders. Is this neocolonialism? Possibly; possibly not; most African leaders are uncommitted though some, like Hamani Diori of Niger and the redoubtable M. Houphouët-Boigny of Ivory Coast, have come out strongly in favor. Characteristically, the General has not yet bestowed, or withheld his blessing. But the French Foreign Ministry is giving cautious support to the idea.

The boundaries that the former colonial powers imposed were artificial, unethnological and often ridiculous—as when the boundary between British and German spheres of influence in East Africa first bisected the Masai tribe and was then looped around Mt. Kilimanjaro because Kaiser Wilhelm asked his cousin Queen Victoria for the mountain on account of its botanical interest. Now these boundaries are being desperately defended by African governments as if they had been there since the dawn of history and drawn with the blood and heroism of local Adams and Eves. Africa is so full of ironies that this is just one more, but in an upside-down way it makes sense. The situation is so explosive no one dares to let go; even a crazy status quo is better than none at all. Neo-colonialism is only one of several prowling leopards in the political jungle. "Balkanization" is another. Already it has claimed several victims, but this is nothing to what would happen if it really got out of control.

So we come back to the colonels, the last line of defense where politicians have failed. Will they hold the line? They have a fair chance. Armies are at least trained to run things, and their personnels cut across tribal divisions. Education, by and large, works toward amalgamation; industrial development even more so. Most (but not all) professionals are engineers or actuaries before they are Mende, Ibo or Baganda tribesmen. There are centripetal as well as centrifugal forces. A certain amount of splitting may not be harmful: it could be argued that Nigeria, with its 55 millions, its vast bulk and poor communications, is too big; both the Eastern and the Northern Regions would be, if separate entities, larger in population than most African and many European states. Nationalism is an emotion and a faith and cannot be limited to populations of over x million; anyway, what is the value of x?

Meanwhile it becomes more farcical than ever to treat with and recognize regimes such as that of Sierra Leone with its confusion of colonels, and constitutions changed every few days, and to ostracize and condemn Rhodesia because its constitution, by African standards both democratic and old, is illegal, not having had the blessing of the British government. If the Western nations want to destroy Rhodesia, starve out its four million Africans and create chaos in one more area, at present stable, in this quivering continent, they really should think of a better excuse.

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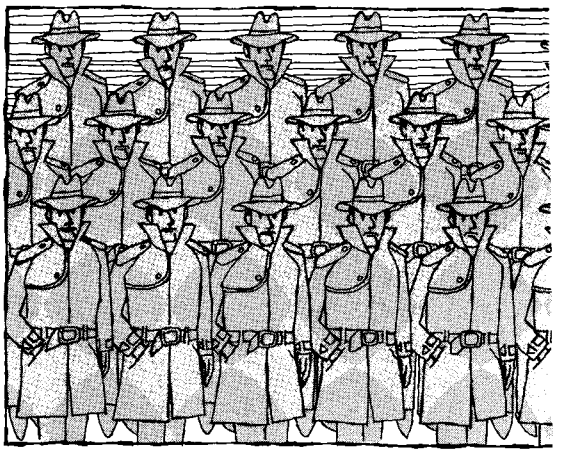
AUNTIE POVERTY'S

HEY KIDS! IT'S...

SHARPEN YOUR WITS AND PENCILS, CHILDREN, AND GET SET FOR **FUN GALORE!** REMEMBER AUNTIE P'S WATCHING SO **NO PEEKING** AT THE ANSWERS!

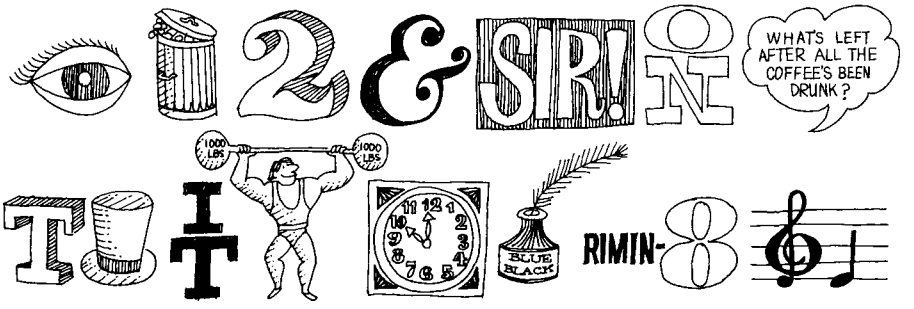
WHAT'S W



1

HERE'S SOMETHING YOU'LL OFTEN HEAR SAID IN WASHINGTON-EVERY DAY IN FACT

CAN YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS?



RIDDLES!

1. I start in the bedroom, I wind up in a trap; my middle is big as the ocean, but my whole is practically invisible. What am I?

2. My first part is to dine; my second, a thousand sheets; my third is paid by a lover; my whole divides when it meets. What am I?

3. My first is whole, my second is witty, my whole is a halfwit. Who am I?

HIDE-AND-SEEK

Hiding in each of these phrases is another, different phrase using the same letters the same number of times. See if you can find them (Auntie P. has even given you hints!).

NO EXIT, MAC! *(It comes once a year, and you can't escape!)*

BADLY RID *(She's a familiar sight)*

THE HEP FAKE IT *(Now who's the hep-est congressman you can think of?)*

TRY TO UN-SCARE AL *(They'll never un-scare US!)*

O, WE RAVE IN LATIN! *(Think carefully—what's your very favorite magazine?)*

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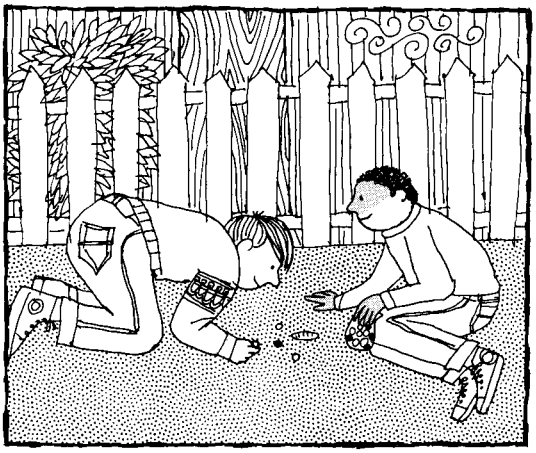
SHINGTON PUZZLE PAGE!!!

NG WITH THESE PICTURES?

2



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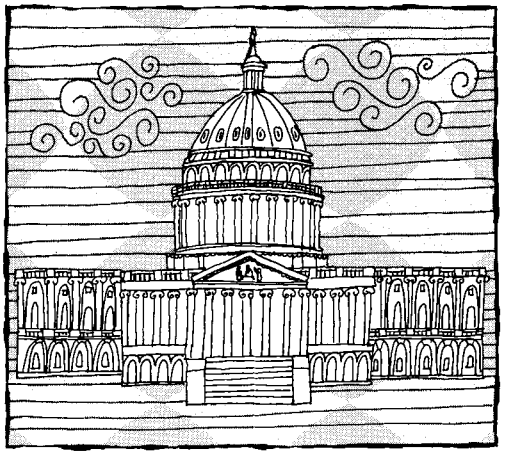
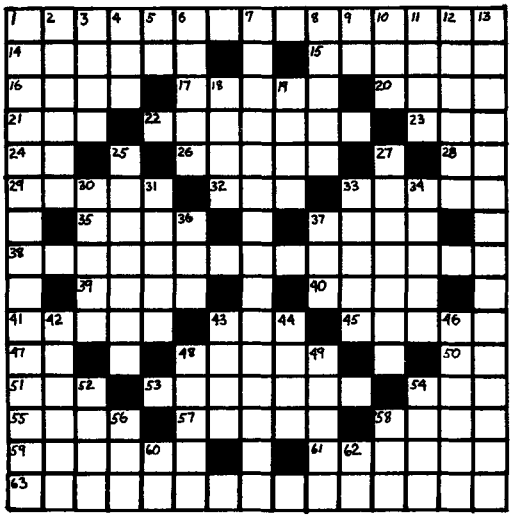


4

IT'S CROSS-WORD TIME

BOYS AND GIRLS

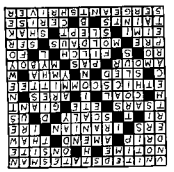


ACROSS

1. American diplomat, perhaps?
14. "_____ for Sergeants"
15. Desired type of nuclear inspection
16. Bad habit of faucets
17. Change a bill
20. Recent event in USSR (?)
21. A vetch
22. Modern Persian
23. Anger
24. Pell's state
26. Reptilian skin
29. Former Kremlin occupants
32. Summer in Paris
33. Ferber yarn
35. Fuel
37. God of war
38. When sitting, it's a standing D.C. joke
39. Child's coaster
40. Resort for NYC poetasters
41. Casanova's long suit
43. Belonging to Mr. Kettle
45. B. Baker's "____" (LBJ)
48. Swipe
50. Britain's Foggy Bottom
51. Prior prefix
53. Czech rivers
54. Indian weight
55. Cummings' book on Russia
57. Slumbered
58. Short for The Bard
59. Poisons
61. Red tint
63. A non-com in the poverty war?

DOWN

1. Where Washington scandals go
2. LaGuardia's collaborator
3. Exists
4. Pointer
5. Printer's measure
6. Cherished ones
7. Biggest thing in D.C.
8. Right now
9. Another 5
10. McNamara's plaything
11. Me (Lat.)
12. Headlong
13. Why, RFK, of course!
18. Nutmeg spice
19. Nasser's other ditch
25. Cressida's boy-friend
27. Chemical prefix
30. Said by a Chinese-German?
31. Holy (Lat.)
33. Fairy-tale teller
34. Baffled? Take one of these!
36. Newest campus fad
37. A "Little Woman"
42. Erasmus' "____ Encomium"
43. Prescription
44. Fool's follower
46. Leading a life ____
48. A ditch for General Caesar
49. Rabbit residence
52. Arab chieftain
54. Knife (sl.)
56. Participial suffix
58. Hindustani title
60. Mr. Shaw, or was it Lawrence?
62. Sound of hesitation



ANSWERS:

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE PICTURES—(1) The fourth agent from the left in the second row is really your Auntie P., and she caught you peeking! (2) It's the ugliest thing we've ever seen; (3) One of them is winning; (4) What's RIGHT with this picture? MYSTERY PHRASE—"I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me." HIDE AND SEEK—1) Income Tax; 2) Lady Bird; 3) Keep the Faith; 4) Consular Treaty; 5) National Review. RIDDLES—1) Bureaucrat (Bureau-C-Rat); 2) Supreme Court (Sup-Ream-Court); 3) Fulbright (Full-Bright)

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On the Right

The Protest

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The most depressing aspect of the Vietnam protest in New York City was the heavy involvement in it of Negro leaders. Although the figures absolutely establish that there has been no anti-Negro discrimination in the draft—and none in Vietnam—and that Negro participation in the armed forces almost exactly corresponds with the percentage of Negro population in the country, Negro participation at the grandstand in the United Nations Plaza was far greater than the 10 per cent one would normally have expected. The most conspicuous speaker was Dr. Martin Luther King. Next most conspicuous was Stokely Carmichael, and after that Floyd McKissick.

Buckley

An effort was made to project dissenters of every race, color and creed. They found an old Irish Monsignor from Pittsburgh who said he knew that Pope John, had he lived, would have approved the proceedings, and indeed presumptuous though he sounded, he was a moderate alongside those who told us how Jesus Christ, had he lived, would have favored the proceedings.

And from somewhere, and one should not exclude a local casting office, a withered old Indian chief was gathered and introduced by Dr. Spock who warned that we were doing to the Vietnamese population what our forefathers had done to the Indian population (incidental intelligence department: there are more American Indians alive today than when Columbus discovered America). "Say ugh and sit down," an impatient television camera man muttered silently from a safe fifty feet away. But Big Chief Hatum War muttered a few husky lines and then summoned his 100-year-old squaw and another veteran of the battle of Little Big Horn and the three of them began to bellow into the microphones what one supposes was an old Indian peace cry, which though atonal and ear-piercingly loud was infinitely soothing by contrast with, say, the words, uttered in English, of Stokely Carmichael.

"Let's show the world," Carmichael screamed, "that we won't be taken in by the racist McNamara, the fool Rusk, or the buffoon Johnson!" Cheers. Which is all right, since in a large crowd you will find some people who will cheer anything at all, and a society that breeds Ku Klux Klanners who will cheer obscenities directed against every Negro, can certainly produce people who will cheer obscenities directed at the President, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of Defense. Carmichael, of course, is the exact opposite number of the Ku Kluxer, and if he were white he would no doubt be in the front rank of the bitter-drunk zealots calling for "the lynching of the niggers."

What was strange was not the incidence of cheering, but the absence of booing. There were tens of thousands of people within earshot of Carmichael, and their throats were well lubricated for expressions of approval and disapproval. But the protesters did not protest Carmichael. Indeed, why should they have, considering the example they had been given by the gentility that produced the meeting? There was Dr. Benjamin Spock, co-chairman, who must have authorized the inclusion of Carmichael on the program. He is against violence in Vietnam, but clearly not against violence at home, else he would not present Stokely Carmichael, who recently urged his followers to "kill" any white man who stood in their way.

There was Martin Luther King, whose loftiness of spirit was officially certified by the Nobel Peace Committee at Stockholm, and who a week earlier had denounced America as the "principal purveyor of violence in the world today," likening our country—which on this occasion he took pains to say he truly "loved"—to the Nazis', whose scientists experimented on Jewish flesh.

Why should the crowd be expected to show more discrimination than an ordained preacher who has won the Nobel Prize, or a licensed doctor who is the world's authority on how to bring up sweet little babies?

The Spring Mobilization Committee under whose auspices the protest took place was by no means a harum-scarum affair, permitting anything at all. The Committee, for instance, authorized some placards, rejected others. One placard it authorized was "No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger"—a slogan that exactly reflected the intellectual depth of the day's rhetoric. (It would have been as true—and as relevant—to have hoisted a placard, "No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Whitey.")

But the tendency of that and so much else that took place was mercilessly clear: conscript the Negro population to the peacenik cause, tell 'em it's racist war, that Negroes are being used as fodder for white imperialist cannon, that the Vietnam war is a way to evade the responsibility to do justice to the Negroes at home.

The shrewd Communist intelligences were at work last Saturday as they were at work at the meeting in Chicago last December that planned the demonstrations, a meeting called by Bettina ("I have been for a number of years, I am now, and I propose to remain, a member of the Communist Party of the United States") Aptheker. They feed on innocence, and on victims, who are inevitably the innocent. And the obvious goal of the present movement is to stir the Negro people, whom the Communists continue to consider the most ductile, and (quite justifiably) the most generally discontent, into violent protests of whatever kind.

If they were to succeed, which is doubtful in exact correspondence to the natural good sense and decency of the Negro people, the peacelovers will have brought more violence to the United States than ever the Marines brought to Vietnam.

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Letter from Latin America

Santo Domingo Revisited

SUSAN HUCK

A year ago, I paid my first visit to Santo Domingo. It was part of a crafty plot; the general idea was to lie in the sun, as far as possible, and pick up a story which would pay the costs of lying in the sun. The violence seemed to have abated, but a Santo Domingo dateline was still a war-zone type of thing in the public mind, and you could sell an article.

The violence, however, must have heard about this. On the first day, I blundered into the Avenida Duarte riots, and within a few more days, dozens were dead, and they had ponked some bazooka holes in the Hotel Matum. A few days later, I had bought a concealable pistol, lest I some time happen to be the only one at the party without one.

Last December, just a year after my first visit, I returned as an old pro, a grizzled veteran of *five* trips through the world's worst airport customs set-up. The basic scheme was about the same. It didn't work out, though—this time for a different reason. Crisis, riot, gunfire, blood in the streets—let's face it, "it sells papers," but it wasn't happening. An appalling lack of news hung on like a siege of bad weather. I'd have done better to ride the New York subways for a week.

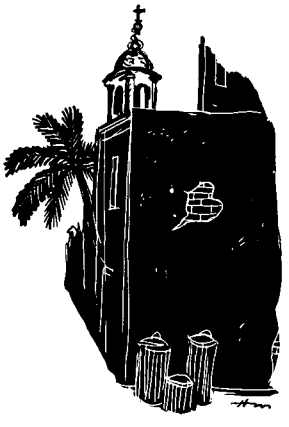
Lying disconsolately in the sun, I thought, well, drat it, they voted for peace, and peace is what they got.

There hasn't even been as much sniping out of the foreign press as usual. By and large, the pundits of the American Left have gone on to grouching about other things. They tried complaining about the fact that we now have a peaceful, non-Communist Dominican Republic for a neighbor, but perhaps sensed that their readers didn't think it was so awful, really. Abroad, *Le Monde* of Paris is still capable of confecting variations on Hector Aristy's atrocity stories, and leaving its readers with the impression that so many popular heroes are being wiped out by neo-fascist goons that the tourist will need galoshes when venturing downtown in Santo Domingo. It isn't really like that.

The leftists are in a heart-warming state of disarray. One wonders whether President Balaguer is lucky, or whether he *does* this. Juan Bosch, of course, left the country months ago in a theatrical snit, to settle in Spain, of all places. He left his party, the PRD, to a ranting ideologue who demanded that all PRD men choose between him and the juicy jobs with which Balaguer has been buying them off. Well . . . the PRD lost a lot of big names that way.

The Communists used to have three parties; now they have five pieces of parties. The juvenile basis for these cleavages can be imagined from the fact that, some years ago, an array of local Reds had their group picture taken with Mao Tse-tung, and ever since then, it's been cut-and-paste, cut-and-paste, until each one has created a photo of himself, *alone*, with Mao.

The Dominicans in general have settled down to workaday real-life with something like genuine relief. They had seemed unlikely to go for this "austerity" bit for long, but it has worked out—and it will continue in force this year, too. There is, unfortunately, much ground to be regained, and catching up to do, in the development of the economy. Many U.S. companies which had gone into Puerto Rico are now branching out to the Dominican Republic, but there's still a good deal of opportunity for getting in on the ground floor, for private investors. Close to $50 million from the U.S. Government is going in this year, mainly in AID funds. The Dominican government has rewritten a lot of the statist and socialist-minded laws which were left on the books from earlier regimes, and is getting out from under the burden of the ex-Trujillo properties, which of course had become bloated state-owned money losers stuffed from top to bottom with party faithful. When it comes to carving the blubber out of such monstrosities, Balaguer is a mean man with the flensing-knife.



The Dominican President, Dr. Joaquín Balaguer, is not a well-known figure. He has been a Very Important Person for only two brief periods of his life thus far, and on both occasions it has been his fate to stand in the way of Juan Bosch, the American liberals' perennial candidate for the presidency of the Dominican Republic. This alone will guarantee anyone a bad press. Further, Balaguer is a genuinely modest and retiring man who would be the despair of his press agent if he had one.

It seems fair to call him one of the leading artists of the day, politically. His technique is beautiful—quiet, quick and smooth, often faster than the eye can follow. In appearance and manner, he is so mild that it's hard to believe that he could fight his way out of a paper bag. However, he has been leaving cleat-marks all over some of the roughest players in a rough league. He moves soundlessly and speaks very softly, but in front of a microphone, flame and thunder!

Last year a Canadian journalist, trying desperately to shoe-horn Balaguer into a pre-selected mold (Right-Wing Military Dictator), asked what Balaguer's rank and branch of service had been. Sorry, but he has never worn a uniform at all. Well, then, perhaps his hobby would happen to be guns? Um, no. Actually, he knows little more about guns than that they have one end you want to stay away from.

Balaguer began leaving his mark in the public record while still in his early and middle teens. Doubtless egged on by an adoring family (he

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is an only son), he began early to produce books of poetry, and to delight the local patrons of culture with lofty appreciations of national heroes and literary figures, in traditionally high-flown style. One can easily acquire the impression that here was a bright, talented, romantic, sensitive, idealistic, and probably insufferable young man.

However, his natural sobriety prevailed, and Balaguer became, not a poet, but a lawyer and diplomat. Diplomats are supposed to be inconspicuous and to stay out of trouble, and Balaguer has always excelled at both. He handled with aplomb whatever sticky situations arose, but in general his duties do not appear to have been onerous. He had time enough to collect books, paintings, and a doctorate from the Sorbonne, to rummage happily in foreign libraries, and to produce his own works on philology, literary criticism, diplomatic affairs, and Dominican history. It seems to have been a quiet, soft, mannerly life, in which the narrow escapes were from matrimony rather than murder.

In the above context, Balaguer is utterly believable. He becomes unbelievable in the context of the National Palace during the last years of the Trujillo regime. This was rather Borgian at times, with plots like kneaded latex and the bodies accumulating in the cloakrooms at moments of political crisis.

He had been given the job of Minister of Education. The work, while demanding, was within his field of interest; it was also undoubtedly educational. He was out of the usual lines of fire, but in a good position to spectate, and he was probably pinked by shrapnel often enough to find it worthwhile to pay close attention to the games being played at the Palace.

Meanwhile, alas, Balaguer was becoming known as a solid administrator, personally honest, and uninterested in political adventurism. He soon found himself Secretary of State for the Presidency, handling the paperwork for Trujillo, who had vastly more exciting things to do, no doubt. In 1957, he was promoted to Vice President, and still doing about the same work. That, too, must have been educational. Balaguer was in a position to see how the machinery worked, what cost what and who cost what, things like that.

By 1960, Trujillo was having worse image problems than usual, so he looked around for somebody respectable and clean-handed, and made Balaguer President. His inauguration probably commemorates his selection as the Dominican Least Likely to Get Any Wild Ideas.

Less than a year later, Trujillo was assassinated—and Balaguer didn't have a thing to do with it. In fact, he, too, had been slated for some form of disposal, since the general idea was to create room at the top. The plotters were unlucky, however, and were soon wrapped up by the numerous Trujillo clan.

As Trujillo's successor, Balaguer seemed to have unlocked the bottom drawer and dusted off all those model laws he'd been doodling on rainy afternoons. On the record, he put through a number of liberalizing laws within days of the assassination. But whatever he did satisfied no one, and a nasty situation, which he had inherited, just got nastier. To note only a few factors, the United States was

pressing him to create a Little Switzerland; all those political exiles he had let back into the country were clamoring for his job; and the Trujillos, noticing the uproar, began to consider a permanent solution to the Balaguer problem. There may have been times when he reflected that becoming colorless, odorless, and tasteless was not enough. How does one become invisible?

All the same, he didn't quit.

After nearly eight months of this, however, he was pried loose and thrown out. He turned up in exile in New York, short of money, English, soulmates in Washington, and other ingredients of the successful comeback. Naturally, he dreamed of returning home to Santo Domingo and, vindicated by popular acclaim, the Presidency. But anyone else betting more than a dime on this flight of fancy would have been regarded as missing a few marbles.

So, in the fullness of time, he returned home to Santo Domingo and, vindicated by popular acclaim, the Presidency. It's enough to make one believe in Santa Claus. All right, then, would you believe luck and pluck?

The luck was years in coming, and consisted of assorted historic mishaps which opened up new opportunities. The pluck was all his, and a surprise to everybody. Fueled by outraged pride and a sense of mission, Balaguer used his enforced leisure in order to turn pro; he carefully figured out what he would do and how he would do it, "next time." When he climbed back into the ring, in July of 1965, he was cold, tough, and shrewd enough for the job—but this nobody knew.

You get this Walter Mitty scene. Well, look who's back—the village librarian! Do we serve him on toothpicks again, or do we use him to flavor the cheese dip? Some of the more arrogant bravos move in, and whap! pow! a karate chop here, a knee there, your leading hoods are doubled over and baying at the moon in tremulous soprano voices, and a whole new attitude develops.

Having established who is running things, Balaguer very rarely behaves in an assertive way. He has spent a good part of his life placating bully-boys, side-tracking people bent on collisions, smarming over difficulties, massaging massive egos, getting rash decisions reconsidered, being inoffensive himself and absorbing offensiveness from others without losing his temper. He would rather use any of these methods than just "have it out," but, as has been indicated, there is a growing enlightened minority gimping around the political stage in Santo Domingo, who made the error of confusing reluctance with inability. Balaguer does not intend to be pried loose this time.

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Letter From London

London School of Economics & Berkeley

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"Berkeley 1966, LSE 1967 — We'll Bring *This* School to a Halt Too" bawled a placard during one of the earlier skirmishes at the London School of Economics. Bearded and scruffy, shouting slogans, singing protest songs, waving ill-written banners, the students rioted sporadically throughout the winter. Some of them even went on hunger strike. And finally, with a sit-in which blocked the hall and doorways of the college, they fulfilled their threat —they did bring the LSE to a halt.

These shenanigans began last autumn as a protest against the appointment of Dr. Walter Adams to be the LSE's new Director. Dr. Adams, formerly Principal of University College in Rhodesia, is a 100 per cent certified liberal: but his offense, in the eyes of the left-wing students, was that he hadn't fought openly and aggressively enough against Ian Smith's government.

The protests grew broader and more violent. A college porter died of a heart attack, trying to prevent a meeting which the authorities had banned. Two of the ringleaders, one an American, the other a South African, were suspended for three months, and the latest round of demonstrations was nominally a protest against that. But, as the college authorities said, "the agitations are, fundamentally, not against these penalties themselves, but against any disciplinary procedures at all."

The resemblance to Berkeley is more than a coincidence. There are 324 Americans at the London School of Economics, and several have been prominent throughout the demonstrations. One of the suspended ringleaders, 22-year-old Marshall Bloom from Denver, Colorado, has a history of agitation at Amherst, where he led a walk-out during a Graduation Day speech by Robert McNamara. No sooner had he arrived in London than he got himself elected president of a moribund Graduate Students Association and began giving advice on teach-ins, sit-ins, and other techniques of passive disobedience. "I belong to the New Left," he haughtily told a reporter. "I won't try to explain what that means as you wouldn't understand."

In a way, these American agitators are only what Britain deserves, for student revolt in America derived a good deal from earlier events in Britain. During the Korean War, Communist sympathizers among British students organized a protest movement against America's alleged use of "germ warfare." In subsequent years, other young Americans joined the big nuclear disarmament marches and rallies which became regular fixtures in the British student calendar. Since then, the initiative has moved across the Atlantic.

Nursery of Discontent

The London School of Economics is, as a matter of fact, a rather special case. Founded by the Fabian Society, under the guidance of the ineffable Webbs, it has been, from the start, a nursery of discontent and high-minded meddling. Left-inclined, and sometimes Communist, students have always predominated there: and the home-grown variety are supplemented by students from overseas, whose very presence in Britain tends to be an indication of their radical views.

More subtly, the fact that so many of the LSE's students are reading some kind of sociology contributes to the revolutionary mood. They are taught, in characteristic left-wing style, to see everything in terms of "problems" to which there are indisputable rational solutions. If a problem remains unsolved, therefore, it must be through stupidity or malice — a legitimate reason for indignant demonstrations.

In addition, there are simpler causes of complaint—though, as an excuse for rioting these tend, I suspect, to be rationalizations. The buildings are squalid, and personal contact between staff and students seems inadequate (though still far greater than would be normal in most European universities). But such defects are mirrored, more or less, in many other colleges. They are only small parts of a much larger problem.

The People Shocked

For centuries Britain was free from the evil of political students; the kind who plagued European, Middle Eastern and Latin American countries, rioting in the streets and forming a separate, dangerous and always unstable faction. This immunity Britain has now, quite suddenly, lost. Ordinary people, watching the performance at the LSE, were puzzled and shocked. What does it mean, they asked; how has this state of affairs come about, this transformation of the civilized English undergraduate into the alien—and alienated—student?

The most concise answer was given some years ago by Kingsley Amis, the author of *Lucky Jim,* who in those days was himself a university lecturer. "More will mean worse," he said. The Left never forgave him for this explicit statement of an uncongenial truth—and Mr. Amis himself has ceased to be a teacher and is a welcome recruit to the conservative fold. His prediction proved absolutely correct.

The result was inevitable. A vigorous institution can absorb a small proportion of unsuitable people: but when the proportion becomes too big, when the influx is too sudden, the institution itself will succumb, cracking beneath strains it was never designed to bear — which is what happened at Berkeley.

The misfit students respond by behaving like an oppressed proletariat. They formulate their complaints and demands in the absurdly inappropriate language of an industrial dispute. "Students," said one of their spokesmen, "have as much right to withdraw their labor as workers in a factory." *Beaver,* the LSE student newspaper, equated "Student Power" with "workers' control," and was in favor of both.

This analogy with industrial dis-

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putes and the class struggle has been seized on by the Communists. Just as the Communists are able, through the apathy of trade unionists, to secure key positions in the labor unions, so they have been able to exert a disproportionate influence in the students' unions. Just as they take advantage of whatever disputes and grumbles arise in a factory, so they jump on the bandwagon of whatever happens to be worrying or exciting students—questions of lodgings or grants or restrictions on political activity.

More Militancy

"Hungary" means little to the present generation of students, but "McCarthyism" remains a powerful bogey-word — the Communists and their liberal allies have seen to that. So in several universities, notably at Leeds, Sheffield, Southampton and University College, London, the Communists are very strong: and at the annual conference of the National Union of Students there are generally sixty or seventy Communist delegates.

Pehaps more immediately important, however, at least numerically, are the undisciplined hordes of the New Left, comprising Trotskyists, Young Liberals and a recently formed ginger group called the Radical Students Alliance, which claims in one breath to be non-political and in the next announces that it is "against capitalism." These factions constantly shift and merge, but, whatever else they may stand for, they all agree on one prime objective: they want more militancy, more agitation.

Adults in general, and the university authorities in particular, must bear a good part of the blame—not, as the young rebels suppose, for being too authoritarian but for not being authoritarian enough. They have been frightened to declare that the juvenile Emperor has no clothes on. They have condoned, where they should have condemned. They have talked about "negotiating" with the students, as with some sovereign and equal body. And a considerable number of lecturers and tutors — about eighty at the LSE — have actually supported the students, and joined in strikes and teach-ins.

Worse, they have themselves betrayed the idea of a university by adopting, or at least accepting, the standards of an educational factory-farm rather than a community of scholars. "The great decline in my lifetime in university life," said Sir Ifor Evans in his farewell speech as Provost of University College, London, "has been the complete surrender of the universities to government finance and in so many insidious ways to government control." Politicians, he went on, "are interested only in numbers, not in quality and distinction." He had tried to keep his college free and untrammelled, but "the dim spirit of the age is too strong."

The universities have fallen into the classic Socialist trap. They allowed themselves to become dependent on state handouts, and, in doing so, sold their birthright. Tax-battered parents can no longer afford university fees: so the generous government gives almost every student a grant. Teaching science—which the government wants—is more expensive than teaching Greek: so the government foots the bill. Increasing the student population—as the government urges—means erecting new buildings: so the government subsidizes the expansion. All very nice. But the state, having paid the piper, starts to call the tune; it claims the right, if not to decide, certainly to influence very heavily, which students shall be admitted, what subjects taught, what kind of accommodations provided.

The Franks Report

Even Oxford and Cambridge have not escaped. They preferred to cower, to wag their tails ingratiatingly, to embrace the spirit of the age. Fearing that the government would set up a Royal Commission to enquire into the University's affairs—a Commission which, like those currently investigating the unions and private education, would be loaded to suit Socialist policy—Oxford appointed its own reforming committee under Lord Franks, a former ambassador to Washington who is now head of an Oxford College but retains the mentality of a civil servant.

His report was published a few months ago. He assumes, without even bothering to argue, that Oxford has become fully part of the state educational system and must supply whatever the state and contemporary fashion may demand, that it must become more egalitarian, more like everywhere else; and he makes various proposals which, by sweeping away old loyalties and lowering standards both academic and social, would radically alter the whole character of Oxford, or at least accelerate the changes already taking place.

The *Times*, which is surprisingly sensible about education, described the Franks Report as "a superb monument to trend spotting and the art of the possible." Professor Max Beloff accused Lord Franks of seeking to be "the Neville Chamberlain of Oxford's era of appeasement." But these were lonely voices.

It used to be a notorious solecism to refer to Oxford undergraduates as "students." Notices on College boards at Oxford traditionally say "Gentlemen are requested . . . ", where their equivalents in provincial universities say "Students will . . . " Significantly, the leftist undergraduates at Oxford today call themselves "students." They prefer to be treated as students, because they accept no obligation to behave like gentlemen. They want to demonstrate, to protest, to carry banners, to beat up the South African ambassador's car, to shout anti-American slogans, to be part of the international student movement.

I find all this immensely sad, and what has happened to Oxford saddest of all both because it is my own university and because Oxford was so beautiful, the source of so much grace and happiness. I suppose eventually there will be a reaction. Today's young people, thanks to the indoctrinating and unifying influence of mass communications, are the most conformist generation ever—but they do have a healthy streak of skepticism. They may yet rebel against mindless rebellion and false idealism. They may suddenly start imitating characters from Evelyn Waugh. But, I fear, things will get worse before they get better. The clamor for "Student Power" will grow louder, and the psychedelic cult has only just begun to make itself felt in Britain.

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Travelers' Comforts

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Here is a list of a few things I take along with me on country weekends or trips to distant and uncomfortable countries.

Shoes. An extra pair of walking shoes, for added shoe-changing during the day, will do wonders to restore a tired body. Sandals and similarly loose shoes are no good for country or classical antiquity sites since they'll let in stones.

Flashlight, with a few spare batteries. Indispensable for groping for street signs in poorly-lit foreign streets and to keep by one's bed in unfamiliar rooms.

Earplugs. Unfamiliar sounds are usually disturbing.

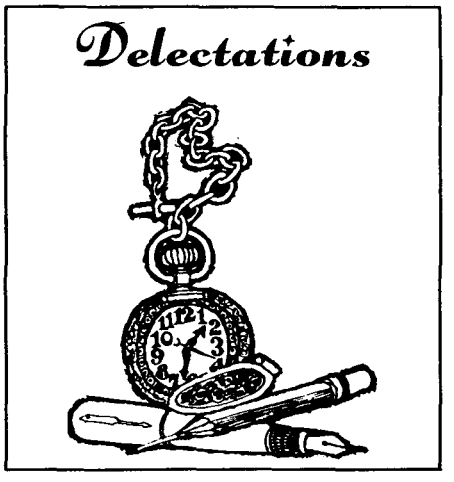
Eyeshades. Not all rooms away from home have the dark shades or curtains to block out early daylight.

Small transistor radio, with a few spare batteries. Many, though not all, foreign hotels have room radios, but even then they are not always where you want your radio, near the bed or in the bathroom. Turning on a radio, indoors or outside, gives you immediately a feel of the place through its sounds.

Flask, filled with brandy or whisky or any other strong favorite spirit. Not only for nipping when you need a spot of the cheer in unaccessible positions such as when shaving before dinner or bathing (indoors or *dans la nature*), but also to disinfect small cuts or insect bites, to help one swallow pills when the water is uncertain, and to ward off chills. I'd have caught pneumonia without a flask to keep me warm in a blizzard-stalled icy train in the Rockies, to mention just one incident. Silver flasks may be the most elegant of the hip flasks I'm talking about, but they tarnish. The best flasks are those made from a light, sturdy, non-tarnishing metal and shaped to fit snugly against the body. They're stylish and indestructible. Avoid breakable glass flasks and plastic ones which make the liquor taste funny.

Insect repellent. It's surprising how many civilized countries, including Italy, have not yet discovered the cheap, common household window screen. For the Middle East and doubtful countries: the powder you sprinkle over the mattress to discourage bugs.

Address book for foreign countries. Instead of listing names and addresses alphabetically, list them first by countries and then alphabetically. For instance: have everybody you know in France under F and so on. This simple system saves endless leafing through an address book, and helps find people one doesn't know very well or whose names one has forgotten. Also, list next to each entry the profession.



Duty-free extras. Among the most welcome presents for friends abroad is American liquor, now so fashionable in Europe, where it is also very expensive. Before taking off for foreign parts, stock up at Kennedy or at any other international airport duty-free stores with liquor and cigarettes. The salesmen will limit the quantities to the customs regulations of the country marked on the boarding pass and deliver the purchases directly to the plane.

Food & Drink

If you are doubtful of the water, drink mineral or bottled water (also use it to clean your teeth). But make sure that the seal has not been broken and that the fizz is still in it. Also, don't put ice in your drinks. Tea and black coffee are generally safe because the water has been boiled. So is beer, wine and soda pop.

Purifying tablets for drinking water are available for countries where the water is generally too unsafe.

Remember that restaurants abroad are not different from those in the United States where standards of food cleanliness are concerned. They vary enormously and you should avoid a greasy spoon in country X as you would avoid one at home. In the Orient and some Latin American countries, avoid salads and uncooked vegetables, and peel all your fruit yourself. Do not gorge yourself on familiar or unfamiliar foods. Too much of the first will upset your stomach just as it does at home, and the second, taken in excess, may have unsuspected side-effects. Fresh pineapple in too great quantities, figs or grapes have a laxative effect. Also, stay away from dairy products in hot, primitive countries, as well as from custards, cream sauces and cream cakes which may not have been kept under sufficient refrigeration and become poisonous.

Do not change your eating habits too quickly. If you lunch on cottage cheese or a ham sandwich the year round, do not adopt immediately rich luscious midday meals, but work up to them gradually.

Health

Ask your doctor to help you put together a simple medical kit. It should contain a clinical thermometer, Milk of Magnesia tablets for a starter, Tums or similar tablets to soothe the stomach and aspirin and similar tablets to relieve minor pains, Bonamine or Dramamine for motion sickness, a pain killer for serious pain, a sleeping remedy, an antibiotic or sulfa medicine for bacterial infections, antihistamines for respiratory afflictions such as hay fever, a diarrhea medicine, an antibiotic ointment, bandages, tweezers, bandaids, etc. for cuts and scratches.

If you wear prescription glasses, carry a spare pair and the prescription. Do not exhaust yourself with sightseeing or other activities, but if you have become exhausted, you must

(Continued on p. 489)

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Letter from the Continent

'Guest Workers'

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

For almost ten years, foreign labor has been streaming northwards from the Mediterranean to the industrial areas beyond the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Austro-Yugoslav border. Most numerous are the Italians, followed by Spaniards, Greeks, Turks and Portuguese. Their numbers are now increasingly supplemented by Croats, Serbs, Moroccans, Tunisians and even by Asians coming from great distances.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

This is a curious phenomenon in view of the popular theory that the industrial nations of Europe are overcrowded and suffer from a population explosion. To be quite frank, I did not imagine in 1945 that Western Germany could ever absorb twelve million refugees, and I would have protested violently the suggestion that the Federal Republic would have to import a million and a half foreign workers to bolster her economy—yet, such is now the situation. The Netherlands has one of the highest birthrates in Europe, and after World War II nobody there doubted the necessity of large-scale emigration. The Dutch went *en masse* to Australia, Canada and South Africa; now the "Mediterraneans" are arriving in ever increasing quantities to fill the labor vacuum, among them—shades of the Duke of Alba!—many Spaniards (traditional enemies of the Dutch) who impress the Dutch girls more than is good for either side.

In most countries the "guest workers" (*Gastarbeiter*) encounter little hostility, but this does not mean that they are especially happy abroad. They lack their music, their theater, their national cuisine—and, if they are Catholics, even Latin, once the common liturgical language of their Church. But in their home countries there is chronic unemployment, and they are paid much better wages "up North". Their employers praise the guest workers' diligence and intelligence. Since they dream of returning home as soon as possible, they work hard, volunteer for overtime and are slow to learn how to exploit the advantages offered them by social security.

Bottom of the Barrel

In some countries the influx of foreign labor is so large as to become alarming. In Switzerland, where one fifth of the entire labor force is alien, the government (to the horror of the entrepreneurs) has set rigorous immigration restrictions. Other countries, however, have not done this; in fact, they are scraping the bottom of a barrel which gets dryer as the Mediterranean countries become more industrialized and have growing need for workers with northern experience. Already Spanish and Italian scouts are at work in the North trying to entice their countrymen back—with some success.

Naturally the foreign workers make an impact on the countries they work in. They not only give a special character to the railroad stations, where they like to congregate in the evening hours; they also open up small restaurants, and ice-cream and milk bars. In many German banks signs and notices are posted in Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Greek and Turkish. Large posters advertising special trains to the Balkans, Italy and Spain greet the traveler at many railroad stations.

Social agencies are trying to do what they can for these uprooted people, part of whose trouble is that not enough women come along, although they would be welcome as domestic help. Priests have been imported from the Mediterranean countries and both Catholics and Protestants in Germany have invited the Orthodox (Greeks, Serbs and Bulgars from Macedonia) to use their churches. West German railroads provide prayer carpets for Moslems. Jehovah's Witnesses sell the *Watchtower* in southern vernaculars. I recently spent a night in a Duesseldorf hotel where the entire personnel, with the exception of the room clerk, had been imported by air from Japan.

Communist Propaganda

The Communists try desperately and methodically to influence the guest workers in central and northern Europe. From Prague comes a steady stream of radio propaganda which is very shrewdly worded but does not greatly affect the minds of the workers, who are profoundly impressed by the miracles of a free economy. They do not mind living poorly on fat wages because they have visions of the things they can buy back home: a little café, a store, a field or a pasture, a workshop, a taxi and the license to drive it (usually more expensive than the car itself). But once they are home they fall into the hands of agitators who try to tell them that workers in the North live so much better because their employers do not reap enormous profits due to nationalization of basic industries and socialism.

This argument is not convincing to the workers from Yugoslavia, the only ones from behind the Iron Curtain who are permitted to go West. They revel in the splendors of capitalist life and upon their return they cannot be reconverted by Communist propaganda. Unlike the others, they are very doubtful about investing in their own country, A *small* private home is safe. But a shop? They can never have more than five employees; and this knowledge restricts their personal endeavor . . .

The French, desperately in need of manpower, asked the Polish government to let workers come to France (where half a million Polish refugees and immigrants already live and are highly valued as workers). But Gomulka, though attracted by the lure of hard currency from abroad, recoiled from this proposition. It would be too dangerous to let Polish workers see how, as a German proverb has it, "God lives in France."

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The Lean and Hungry Look of RFK

M. STANTON EVANS

The Kennedy vogue in American politics represents something all politicians strive for, but few attain: a public following and shining "image" which are neither dependent upon nor related to substantive performance. The Kennedys have proved, rather conclusively, that what people think about you has little or no connection with what you do. Which, from Robert Kennedy's point of view, is decidedly a good thing. As Ralph de Toledano makes clear in this fact-laden profile of the New York senator, Kennedy's performance as trustee of the public welfare is not, on the whole, distinguished.

Robert Kennedy is a man of simple essences which combine into a curious complexity. He is by all accounts deeply religious, something of a Puritan in matters of personal morals, a homebody intensely loyal to his family, a sportsman of the strenuous-life persuasion, and—most lovable of all—the owner of a large dog. He is in addition a man of enormous energy and determination whose personal endurance and ability to keep several projects going at once are a minor legend. But there are other things to be discussed. What, after all, is the furious round of activity supposed to achieve? Energy, dedication, skill—for what? Nobody seems to know. Studying Robert Kennedy is rather like admiring a magnificent piece of machinery only to discover it has no discernible function. For Kennedy's herculean efforts down through the years transparently have, in philosophical terms, no purpose whatever.

That this is so may readily be determined by charting Kennedy's political tergiversations in the last decade and a half. The sturdy paradigm of virtues undergoes a startling transfiguration when he walks out the front door of Hickory Hill. The pillar of principle becomes a man with no observable conviction on anything; the Puritan joins hands with the most unseemly of opportunists; the lover of children and dogs becomes a ruthless partisan.

". . . studying Robert Kennedy is rather like admiring a magnificent piece of machinery only to discover it has no discernible function."

RFK: The Man Who Would Be President, **by Ralph de Toledano. Putnam, $6.95**

As Toledano traces Kennedy's public career from the early Fifties to the present, it is astonishing to note the wealth of contradictions. The friend and employee of Joe McCarthy pops up as a hero of the New Left; the crusader against trading with the Communists becomes an advocate of cold war accommodation; the "civil liberties" zealot emerges as a devotee of wire-tapping, mail covers and other violations of due process. It is a jarring set of discordances Toledano presents to us.

A similar tendency to embrace opposites with changes in the political weather also characterized John Kennedy—but with a difference. The elder brother was detached and tentative, a man of half-measures. He left himself maneuvering room in which to change positions gracefully. Bobby is another matter—a whole-hog type who plunges heavily when he takes up a cause. The effect of his political changes is as subtle as a freight train backing and hauling through a switching yard.

By his excessive commitments and ungainly retreats Bobby lays bare the essential feature of the "pragmatism" for which the Kennedys are famed. Bobby's position on public issues, Toledano makes clear, is the reverse of what one usually thinks of. Instead of forming a point of view and then trying to advance it politically and get it publicized, Kennedy turns the process around. He finds out what is advanceable and publicizeable, then adopts it as his own. An obvious case in point is the present Kennedy to-do on the subject of Vietnam. Kennedy's Vietnam stance has, it appears, virtually nothing to do with the strategic requirements of peace, freedom, or United States security; it has everything to do with the strategic requirements of Robert Kennedy. Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy has alienated a large number of Democratic liberals—people who form an alternative source of power within the party and who are willing to acclaim a new messiah if they can find one. Joe McCarthy's old friend is available. By outflanking Johnson to the left, appearing at Berkeley, and avoiding the barber, he can become the leader of this parade and establish himself as the hair apparent. In terms of his total record, this wooing of the peaceniks makes no sense at all; in terms of the main chance, it makes a great deal of sense indeed.

IT SHOULD COME as no surprise that the quest for power, untethered by conviction, does not make for good government. Since Bobby's career was so closely interwoven with the multicolored oddities of the New Frontier, Toledano's narrative demonstrates this fact on a broad scale. The Kennedys

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have proved adept at using power where their personal interests are at stake—getting still more power, smiting their political adversaries, burnishing the image. In the steel crisis, the fight to pack the House Rules Committee, the "getting" of Jimmy Hoffa, and the "civil rights" controversies, the power was deployed with resolute precision. But move to a realm where the interests are impersonal and the political benefits dimly defined, and the Kennedy style is funk and confusion. The Bay of Pigs, Laos, the Berlin Wall, Bobby's stance on Vietnam—all cut a profile of deplorable weakness. Zest and certitude vanish into the mists of philosophical absence. Where their own personal or political interests are not concerned, the Kennedys default and fumble and retreat.

Toledano gives two examples of this intensely personal orientation which afford notable insight into the character of Robert Kennedy. In the wake of the Bay of Pigs, Bobby commented in anguish to his brother: "They can't do this to *you*—those black-bearded Commies can't do this to *you*!" In debate over possible bombing of Soviet missile bases in the 1962 missile crisis, Bobby said: "My brother is not going to be the Tojo of the 1960s." In both cases the reaction appeared to be: Ask not what the Kennedys can do about the crisis—ask what the crisis can do to the Kennedys.

On Toledano's presentation, Robert Kennedy is an even more striking study in the pitfalls of "pragmatism" than was his more amiable brother. Those who doubt that having Bobby as President would be a calamity of Homeric dimension should get and read this crucially important book.

Fiction

Dry Rot and Tovarisch Stalin

GUY DAVENPORT

THE SIXTIES, it ought to be clear by this time, have identified themselves as the Retrospective Decade. Invention sleeps. For the first time in fifty years the arts in Europe and America have leveled off—comatose, self-congratulatory, wobbly. The experimental modes have become academic; everybody seems to have given up. The novelists have dismissed the first half of the century with a sigh of relief and taken up where Arnold Bennett left off. I have been sampling recent novels, trying to find one that isn't souped-up Galsworthy or psychedelic du Maurier, and have settled for two antiques—both written last year—to see, indeed, what can be said for them, and an authentic antique, salvaged from the Russian and written in the teens of the century.

The Aylwins, by J.I.M. Stewart. Norton, $4.95

Ulterior Motives, by David Garnett. Harcourt, $4.50

The Dragon, by Yevgeny Zamyatin. Random House, $5.95

At seventy-five David Garnett has the privilege if not the excuse to be old-timey. His grandfather Richard, bibliographer and importer of gentile literatures to the English; his father Edward, the critic, and his mother Constance, the translator of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky—*they* were up with their times, leading Bloomsbury to the high places of the Lord. David began with promise (*Lady into Fox*, 1922) and seemed for a while to belong to the twentieth century. But over the years he settled back into the good old ways, happy to tell a story in the English manner, all chit-chat and burble. *Ulterior Motives* is his twentieth such book (if we count three volumes of autobiography). It is thoroughly English in its modes. It assumes that Englishmen living abroad are mad, that young people in love are charmingly idiotic, that all banks, especially Swiss ones, are up to no good, and that true love will find a way. Serious things, in fact, do not belong in novels, and to write seriously of human beings is not playing the game.

Why the English write novels this way will no doubt be disclosed on Judgment Day. The English genius has always poured giggling and clear from the comic fount. No other nation has ever cast all of its best art in the comic mode. Perhaps for that very reason a pale English comedy is embarrassed by its tepidity. The comic muse is usually at her most raucous and elate among the English; to Mr. Garnett she has appeared as a polite and demure lady, decidedly maiden.

J. I. M. Stewart, Oxford don at Christ Church and, as Michael Innes, a writer of detective novels, is as determined as Mr. Garnett to wish away the advantages of working in a craft that James, Conrad, and Ford raised to a certain excellence. Moreover, he has been inspired by Lord Snow, of all people, to write blandly and grimly about the moral problems of dons. He has considerably more juice in him, however, and couldn't write as ashen a page as Dr. Snow if he tried. Mr. Stewart tells a good story, and goes about it briskly and economically. The son of an Oxford don is expelled from school for cheating. The don discloses that he himself is where he is in the academic world because of a similar indiscretion and is about to make a public confession when he discovers that it wasn't cheating that his son is guilty of, but a sexual escapade, which is at least U. Cheating is non-U. There is a happy ending of the sort detective-story writers are good at. So slender a plot would have made a passable short story or a half hour of TV.

IF WE CAN SEE the fizzling out of a tradition in Messrs. Garnett and Stewart, we can see in the Russian Yevgeny Zamyatin (1884-1937) the hardy flowering—and blight—of an art that seems to Western eyes as vigorous a growth as any in Europe, and which Soviet idealism found intolerable. Zamyatin is best known for his despairing extrapolation of a socialist Utopia, *We* (1920), the model for both *Brave New World* and *1984*, a book, needless to say, that has never been published in Russia. Zamyatin was very much a revolutionary and very little a dogmatist of any stripe; he liked to call himself a professional heretic, and pointed out to no less a correspondent than Josef Stalin that every healthy society is kept from entropy by sharp-tongued critics. A good word by Gorky saved Zamyatin from Siberia, and he was allowed to leave Russia with his wife. He died in exile in 1937, and even today he is still on the blackist of RAPP (Party-line Association of Proletarian Writers) and therefore non-existent in Russian literature. ➔

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Zamyatin would be a disturbing writer in any culture. Like his character Pamva in "The Healing of the Novice Erasmus" all exteriors are to him as glass, and his gaze is on the heart within. He had no interest whatever (like Messrs. Garnett and Stewart) in troubling and then calming the surface of an Upper Middle Class sense of how things ought to be. The soul, for Zamyatin, was awry one way or another; it housed devils; its greed and ignorance and stupidity were study enough for his attention, despite the social and political dimensions of his mind. In "A Provincial Tale" we see the progress upward of an oaf through all the classic wiles—from comforter of a cretinous rich widow to professional witness to hired traitor to Soviet officer. Not since Fielding's *Jonathan Wild* has a downward course been reported with so dead-pan an assurance that the way is upward.

Fifteen of Zamyatin's stories are here translated (by Mirra Ginsburg) so that we can see the full range of his work, a range that spans a realism as terse and hard as Flannery O'Connor's, and a lyricism as delicate as a fairy-tale. Zamyatin made no effort to free himself of the Church's frame of reality, or of any thoroughly Russian configuration of things, so that his satire is always within a larger compassion. There is a kind of drunken love for mankind that runs through all his work, a solicitude that keeps his darkest pictures of humanity from being aloof and gratuitous. To be the voice of a political spirit, as he explained to Stalin, is to be dead as an artist. The writer's business is with a more permanent and more important matter, the immortal soul. Stalin did not understand. But then perhaps there has never been a government so enlightened as to know that art is not what is good for its people but what an individual conscience has to say, and that to silence that conscience is a spiritual death for all the people.

Mayfair in Its Last Throes

SIR SHANE LESLIE

GOOD ENGLISH DIARIES are scarce. They must be written at historical moments and mercilessly describe characters who appear more carefully in later books. There is Pepys, outstanding in English literature with Pepys' own character recorded in his secret writing. It could not be deciphered or published until a century and a half later. Greville dared publish his diaries in his own lifetime, to the fury of Queen Victoria, but Victorians found it very funny.

Diaries and Letters of Harold Nicolson, 1930-1939, edited by Nigel Nicolson. Atheneum, $7.50

Diaries have been steadily censored but there are few cuts in this. Sir Harold Nicolson, whom we all knew, scribbled a nightly scrawl about social and political life in London 1930-1939. To any who remember Mayfair in its last throes it proves vastly entertaining. Nicolson enjoyed life in diplomacy, Parliament and the Beaverbrook press. He married Vita Sackville-West, another author, who wrote *The Edwardians*. American reporters once asked if they had ever collaborated and were answered: "Yes, we have two sons."

In and out of the Lobbies he was as welcome as in the last London salons, Lady Cunard's and Lady Colefax's. At Lady Colefax's one could meet "Rudyard Kipling's eyebrows. They curl up black and furious like the moustache of a Napoleonic tenor. His conversation is twisted into phrases like his writing. He spoke of Rhodes and Theodore Roosevelt. He assured me that Rhodes did not drink: he looked as if he did but that was due to a weak heart."

Odds and ends are much more worth recording than dead politics. He describes Rothenstein telling how he had made "the only portrait of Wilde, red face, grey lips and very bad teeth. He was so ashamed that he used to put his hand over them, giving an odd furtive expression to his jokes." (The portrait was stolen.) On James Joyce, "this mysterious celebrity," in a London drawing-room (1931): "My impression is of a slightly bearded spinster; of some thin little bird, peeking, crooked, reserved, violent and timid. Little claw hands. So blind that he stares away from one at a tangent like a very thin owl . . . He is not a rude man: he manages to hide his dislike of the English in general and of the literary English in particular. But he is a difficult man to talk to."

There is Bernard Shaw, "amazingly young-looking, his shoulder-blades stick through his dinner-jacket like a boy not finished growing—cheeks as pink as a girl's. His eyes as simple and unmalicious as those of an animal. He talks with a faintly effeminate voice and soft brogue." It was interesting when he gave real names to some of his dramatic characters. Boanerges in *The Apple Cart* was Bradlaugh, though very like John Burns. Lord Haldane was the waiter in *You Never Can Tell. The Doctor's Dilemma* was taken entirely from a chance talk with Sir Almroth Wright in Paddington Hospital.

LIKE ALL such hurried photographic script, it can become historical at times. There were numbers of statesmen who have disappeared, like Premier Macdonald, first Socialist leader, or Oswald Mosley, who collapsed creating a New Party. Only Churchill was destined to survive from those days—"A great round white face like a blister. Incredibly aged. Looks like pictures of Lord Holland. His spirits have declined and he sighs that he has lost his old fighting power [1930]. It is quite clear that Empire Free Trade is going to split the parties. Winston complains pitiably—but Max, Max, you are destroying party. Beaverbrook uses every wile to secure his support. Winston agrees to the exploitation of the Crown Colonies but he will not agree to anything like a tax of food."

One envies his meeting Keynes, Curzon, Vansittart and others intimately—or Lloyd George, who "talks of Asquith: his inability to face facts except under pressure. Of Grey: his

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sham honesty. Of Edward VII, how he never treated LG as monarch to subject but as an old man to a young man. He was irresistible. We talk Conference. He thinks President Wilson had something like a stroke in March 1919. After April 1st he fell entirely under the influence of Clemenceau."

When Mosley started the New Party (well before he became a Fascist), which Nicolson joined, it was wiped out at the polls. Its history, if it is ever needed, is retailed in this diary. At one moment Churchill sent his son on a mission to ask if Mosley would join him and the Tory roughs in Opposition. Ten years later Churchill's government placed Mosley in confinement.

The uncertain years of Hitler's advent left all English parties and leaders—Baldwin, Chamberlain, Halifax—bewildered, with only Churchill taking an undeviating course. The valuable part of this diary describes the inside of Chamberlain's meeting with Hitler at Munich from the House of Commons viewpoint evening by evening.

NICOLSON was drawn to America to write the biography of Dwight Morrow, which brought him into the most poignant family scenes of the Lindberghs: in fact, the time of Hauptmann's condemnation is agonizingly told. The reader cannot believe thirty years have passed, but life with the Lindberghs remains deeply

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Justice is done! Donald R. McCoy has written *Calvin Coolidge: The Silent President* (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . Pantheon envisions a whole series of books on the order of Jan Myrdal's *Report from a Chinese Village;* is sending sociologists to the ends of the earth to snoop around all sorts of hamlets. . . . *NR*'s Elspeth Huxley has written *Their Shining Eldorado,* a big book detailing her rambles through Australia (Morrow, $6.95). . . . The granddaddy of all kidnaping cases is recounted by Norman Zierold in *Little Charley Ross,* about a baby-snatch in 1874 (Little, $5.95). . . . Eyewitness accounts from both sides are the meat of Marcel Jullian's *The Battle of Britain,* a day-by-day reconstruction (Grossman, $5.95).

● PAPERBACKS: Newly available are paperback editions of Frank S. Meyer's *The Moulding of Communists* (Harcourt, $1.75) and *The Seven Deadly Sins,* which includes Edith Sitwell on Pride, Angus Wilson on Envy, Cyril Connolly on Covetousness and Evelyn Waugh on Sloth (Apollo Editions, $1.50); Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey* is on newsstands in a 95¢ Avon edition. . . . Arlen Specter and Marvin Katz, Philadelphia lawyers both, tell what can and can't be done these days in *The Police Guide to Search and Seizure, Interrogation and Confession* (Chilton Original, 95¢). . . . Hugh Hefner gets told on in Joe Goldberg's *Big Bunny,* and Ronald M. Deutsch lashes food faddists in *The Nuts Among the Berries* (both Ballantine, each 95¢).

● MOVIE RIGHTS: United Artists have bought George Plimpton's *Paper Lion,* about a journalist's undercover stint as a pro football player; Paramount has *Endure and Conquer,* the Sam Sheppard tell-all, which Sidney Furie will direct. . . . Film version of *Finian's Rainbow* is set to go at Warner Brothers. . . . Barbara Streisand will star in Paramount's *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever.* . . . Two better-than-average TV series of the recent past will live again in movie theaters. Blake Edwards has finished a film version of the *Peter Gunn* series, is now at work on a similar treatment of *Mr. Lucky.*

● CONSUMMATE GAUL: Anti-novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet wishes to join *Les Immortels* in the *Académie Française.* By tradition, one announces one's candidacy, then pays a call on each member; the up-to-date M. Robbe-Grillet has instead hired a public relations firm to line up votes for him. Betting is he won't make it.

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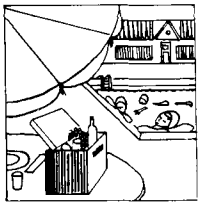

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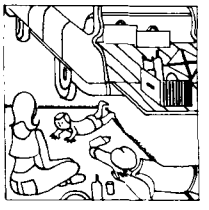

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moving to read even at this time. In 1938 Lindbergh paid him a return visit in England. Lindbergh's opinions were very alarming: "He says we cannot possibly fight since we should certainly be beaten. The German Air Force is ten times superior to that of Russia, France and Britain together. He thinks we should just give way and then make an alliance with Germany." But he was wrong, nor was Nicolson right when he wrote, "We shall be faced with the alternative of abandoning France or having a disastrous war."

Nicolson lays much harm on the Cliveden set; of Lady Astor he writes: "a kindly but inordinately foolish woman. These hostesses convey to foreign envoys that foreign policy is settled in their drawing-rooms." There are valuable accounts of Hitler mounting his way to 1939, such as that given by the Rumanian Gafencu of Hitler's screaming and Ivone Kirkpatrick's meeting with him socially and "receiving such a sense of evil arrogance that one is almost nauseated." Till August 29, 1939, the House of Commons was still looking with amusement on the anti-gas doors and sandbags being heaped round the whole building which was doomed to be destroyed. But the story must be retailed in the next volume of the diary.

The present volume has entered into the first dozen diaries in English literature. My choice of tidbits could be multiplied ten times. They all go towards the coming *Decline and Fall of the British Empire.*

Movies

Invisible to the Naked Eye

ARLENE CROCE

If Antonioni's *Blow-Up* and Hitchcock's *Rear Window* could be put together on a double bill, you would have a clear demonstration of the changes that have taken place in movies in the last decade; you would have Cinema Old and Cinema New. In 1954 Hitchcock's hero was a free-lance photographer nursing a broken leg and observing the banal and spectacular world outside his window. Through binoculars he sees what he thinks has been a murder in the house next door and in detective story fashion he solves the crime, exposes himself, and becomes the murderer's next victim. In Antonioni's new film, the hero, also a photographer, takes some pictures of lovers in a park and finds, embedded in foliage which photographic blow-ups make into distinct configurations, a man with a gun, and a corpse. But though, through this fragmentary glimpse of a crime, the photographer becomes a witness and therefore also a potential victim, the thought never seems to enter his, or Antonioni's, head.

When his lab is ransacked and the evidence stolen, all the photographer thinks about is going and taking another picture, of the corpse under a tree, but whether to present it to the police or use it for a smash ending to the book of photographs he is putting out, one doesn't know. And when he chases the frenzied girl (Vanessa Redgrave) whose foreground amours have everything to do with the murder (it is her lover who is killed), we feel pretty certain he hasn't anything on his mind but the photos—*his* photos—and couldn't care less about the danger he may be in or about solving the crime Jimmy Stewart style.

The esthetics and morality of journalism all go one way in *Rear Window,* another in *Blow-Up.* Professional curiosity, spying, may be nasty but at least Stewart expiates his guilt by a heroic confrontation with a killer. Antonioni's man, David Hemmings, confronts a world that is changed to accommodate him. The girl's protest on finding she's been having her picture taken is straight out of *Alice in Wonderland:* "It's a public park, shouldn't we expect a little privacy?" But Hemmings' reply isn't: "I can't help it if the world's not private." Hemmings is the total esthete: if the light is

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right he goes ahead, and even the end product, an image of the actual world invisible to the eye, has the quality of a work of art. When she sees Hemmings' blow-up of the corpse, a painter's girl friend says, "It looks like one of Bill's paintings."

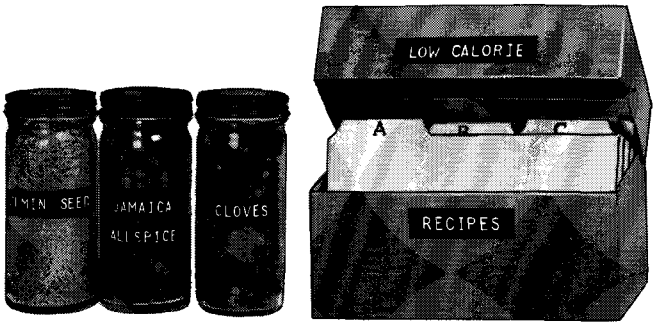
This painter, whose studio is full of abstracts, appears once in the film in a state of divine dissatisfaction. Pointing to a part of a canvas, he tells the hero that just that one stroke justifies the effort and keeps the search moving ahead. "Sometimes just that is all you need," he says. "It's like a clue in a detective story." (But at this moment, I am nearly sure, the painter is pointing, not to one of his "own" pictures but to one of Lyonel Feininger's, whose son, Andreas, is a photographer—it would be a joke in keeping with the film, and with Antonioni's rather didactic sense of humor.) When Hemmings stumbles onto a detective story under his lens, it's like a clue in a painting. You are free to deplore his reaction as effete and amoral, but in the meantime Antonioni will encourage you to notice that all you're doing is preferring one illusion about life to another.

THE 1954 *Rear Window* was a movie with a standard 1954 kind of plot. It moved in sequences, one building out of the other. The Hitchcock twist (which remains fresh today) is the character and profession of Stewart and the way, seen through his eyes and with his professional avidity for detail, the substance of the plot becomes real to us. The film opens with a shot of the window through which the menace that will invade Stewart's life will invade our minds; we can't move and neither can he. And the underlying assumption that Hitchcock could make is that we would be as gripped as Stewart is by the supposition of murder at close range, and would stay gripped during the follow-through. In Antonioni there's no follow-through, but he hasn't like Hitchcock (*Psycho, The Birds*) sought to escalate the horror; he is concerned with another phenomenon altogether, which can be stimulating and easeful as well as horrible: the simultaneity of modern life.

The modern film hasn't the tidy, one-thing-following-another, script-writer's type of structure any more. In Godard, Resnais, Truffaut and

George bought it for his workshop...

...and told his wife!



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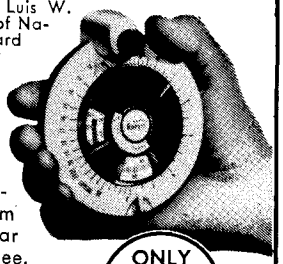

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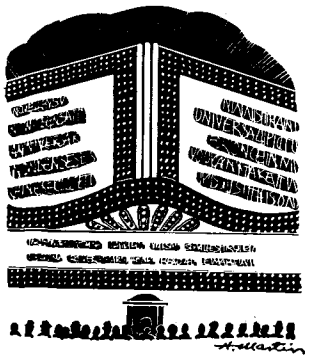
Antonioni, the story is already on the screen the minute a picture appears. We proceed by way of juxtaposition, not sequential flow, and we train ourselves to look for meaning within the ambiguities of one shot. It can be as deadly a bore as the old "This is coming-here it is-there it goes" type of movie-making, but it is a development that keeps pace with what the technology of communications now offers us—instant knowledge on the one hand, and instant boredom and distraction on the other. In movies, "New Wave" was always a misnomer, implying sequence and progression. It hit and stayed, a new ocean. Keeping afloat in the medium means keeping track of artistic meaning in the many ways it is delivered to us—the picture never at any point goes dead while we listen to the words, and vice versa.

No real lover of movies can find anything to complain about in a process which merely delivers the art-essence of old-style great movies to a wider public than appreciated *Citizen Kane*. The fact that New Cinema is now conscious art, at times very self-conscious art, alters one's reasons for enjoying it, but it still looks natural, and if anything, one shares with the new masters a powerful, binding nostalgia for the old days. In *Rear Window*, we remember James Stewart blinding the villain by taking rapid-fire flash pictures of him as he stumbled forward. In *Blow-Up* we see Stewart's heir, but for Hemmings the medium has become the message. Other purposes to which it can be put don't matter. And, to further McLuhanize the situation, we see Hemmings at the top of his profession and at full tilt, galvanizing fashion models by simulating erotic play (and then, contradicting himself, dismissing them when they can't smile like human beings), relaxing in a fancy studio loft crammed with the bedazzling apparatus of his trade and (a sign of his value to society) electronic playthings of all sorts, caroming off on field trips in a magnificent car with a two-way radio so that, James Bond-like, he need never be out of touch with the home office.



The film fairly bulges with the glamor of electronics—every bit of transistorized paraphernalia gleams in its handsome casing. But these instruments are so casually, even contemptuously, handled that we know they aren't there to exude beauty, but utility and affluence. Nothing is "beautiful" but outmoded machinery —the hero's idea of sculpture is a wooden propeller which he buys in an antique shop. (And why not? Maybe it's another Stewart reference, crossing via his impersonation of communications pioneer Chas. A. Lindbergh in *The Spirit of St. Louis.)*

Now, in Antonioni's view, all these glittering new gadgets — lights and phones and radios and cameras and cars, what McLuhan calls "the extensions of man"—not only extend man but dominate him. *Blow-Up* hints at what happens when tools created to extend our senses end by stunting them, by cutting us off from honest and direct relations with one another. In a detective thriller, the fact that there has to be a solution at least orders our expectations along causative, retributive lines. Like Photographer Stewart's, Photographer Hemmings' tool sees farther for him than his eyes do, or anyone else's eyes, but in fact all Hemmings *detects* is great picture material. Anyone who has ever stared at a photograph and tried to imagine precisely what lay beyond the boundaries of its two dimensions knows some of photography's precise mystery and joy and hence its appeal to artists. But the peculiar pathos of Antonioni's photographer is that in this era of rapid technological transition he isn't quite sure who he is. An artist is quite willing to be dominated by his materials, but is Hemmings (he has no name in the film—he is Man in Extension) an artist? Does he covet his painter-friend's vocation as well as his mistress? The traditional art as well as the traditional artist-model relationship? When two star-struck teeny-boppers crash the studio of the famous fashion photographer, he instantly drops his blow-ups and goes to the floor with them, tearing at their clothes like a jubilant satyr. However, of the female zombies who faithfully fulfill fashion's decrees he says, "I'm sick of these bitches."

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The artist can only contact his ject at one remove, the remove art. On that level he contemplates. t the new machinery of communi- ions defeats contemplation: it gs, it is automatically propulsive, erefore whimsical, it wants to be do its work, whatever that may ; it wants to go, to be switched . Plugged into the total environ- nt, operating on the simultaneity nciple, the modern artist handling e technological media has nothing t over he can call a subject. The oint" of his effort has disappeared o the effort itself.

In this, Antonioni's "London" film, ere is no special sense of London the British, and outside of a few llini-style jokes about swingers d pot-smokers no sense of the mod ene everyone thought he had me to immortalize. The city might well be New York or Paris or ilan, scene of *La Notte*, which of l Antonioni films *Blow-Up* most sembles. But the fresh green grass an English park at dawn Antonioni rayed Constable green, as if to pose to his own lens the esthetic stance of English genre painting. this visually reverberant landscape sets his photographer to looking r the dead man in the picture. e isn't there. Along comes a bunch crazy young people, a mime troupe, stage a happening. The happening, hich is simultaneously art and tion, is a tennis game with no lls or rackets. The existence of e game is accepted, first by the ayers and (silently applauding) ectators, then by the camera, ooping and dipping to cover an aginary volley, then by the pho- grapher, who when "the ball" ops near him on the grass, gamely cks it up, hefts it, and tosses it ck. That gesture completes the thetic illusion, and the film. The tists's subject has disappeared, but keeps his bleary eye on the ball st the same.

SHOULD LIKE to add a word about *he Homecoming*, Harold Pinter's lay now on Broadway, which seems bear much the same relationship theater as *Blow-Up* does to films. *he Homecoming* swallows conven- onal theater and *Blow-Up* swallows ie Hitchcock mystery. Just as *Blow-Up* disappoints you if you look to ave the murder solved, *The Home- oming* can only confuse and exas- perate if you expect some convenient psychological explanation of why the characters speak and behave as they do. They look as if they should be making sense *à la* J. B. Priestley or Graham Greene, but they don't. Pinter is like Antonioni's man who finds a photograph real only when it looks as much unlike everyday reality as possible. By extending the logic of naturalism to include unutterable thoughts, undreamed-of situations, Pinter makes a credible surface bear incredible, yet organic, veracity. I don't think, as *NR*'s reviewer did, that he has failed to make his people behave right. I think he isn't concerned with "behavior" or the traditions of naturalism, psychological motivation and emotional probability except to make all of these into the content of the play. Pinter's answer to tame satire is to make a parable of form. *The Homecoming* is a satire of domesticity, a photographic close-up of the English home and hearth distorted to show what else might be in the picture.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE INTRUDERS: THE INVASION OF PRIVACY BY GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY, by Senator Edward V. Long (Praeger, $5.95). The noble work commenced by Vance Packard in his *Naked Society* (see *NR*, June 2, 1964) is continued here, and with the same two major oversights—1) as to the source of the question, whether the asker merely asks or whether he has the power to compel a response—i.e., whether it is an interview or an official interrogation; and 2) as to the object of the question, whether it is mere prurient snooping on law-abiding citizens or prudential investigation of presumptive malefactors—i.e., whether it is for gossip or for G-2. There is the fascination with the gadgetry of snooping, and the extremely exaggerated concern with the privacy of criminals. In 1970 the Census will invade twenty million homes with a sociological survey and the government will have the power to toss you into jail if you don't tell how many toilets you have. So far there has been too little concern with the privacy of the law-abiding. Luckily a National Right to Privacy Committee (Box 1984, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.) is being formed to do something about that.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, by Waldo H. Heinrichs Jr. (Little, Brown, $10.50). This is that rare thing, a work of scholarship on a significant topic which is also extremely well written. The career of Joseph Grew spanned the period from the outbreak of the First World War to the end of the Second. From Berlin in 1914 to Japan in 1941, Grew was at the center both of America's increasing involvement in world affairs, and of the growth of her

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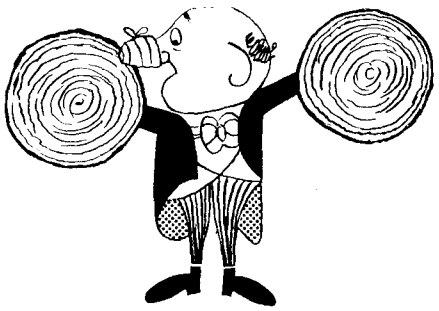

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diplomatic corps from a small group of well-heeled amateurs to a full-fledged professional foreign service. Mr. Heinrichs' analysis of Grew's career as our first professional diplomat is at the same time an extremely lucid presentation of the intricacies of American diplomacy in the first half of the twentieth century. Over half the book is devoted to Grew's mission to Japan; for those interested in the events which led to Pearl Harbor, here is a detailed, yet clear and objective account of those events as seen through the eyes of our man in Tokyo. In spite of the mass of detail out of which the book was fashioned, it never suffers from pedantry or lack of clarity, never overwhelms the reader with the density of its dates and facts. At a time when so many books on recent history are superficial, bewilderingly pedantic, inaccurate or simply horribly written, Mr. Heinrichs' work is a treasure.

J. ZOLA

MADAME SARAH, by Cornelia Otis Skinner (Houghton, $6.95). Behold *La Bernhardt!* Born during the faraway reign of Louis-Philippe, she nursed soldiers during the Siege of Paris in 1870, and entertained their sons and even grandsons in the First World War; toured the United States when Fifth Avenue ended at 59th Street, and died as short a time ago as 1923—died a frail, wilted old thing whom visitors pitied, until she spoke. She was an Actress, on and off-stage, throughout her life, who performed even after her leg was amputated (apropos of which she is supposed to have remarked, "In case of necessity I shall have myself strapped to the scenery."). Miss Skinner's biography is lively, chatty and not *too* reverent, though it relies heavily on the actress' obviously romanticized memoirs and on adulatory volumes by her friends and relations. But should a dryasdust revisionist someday attempt to demolish the Bernhardt legend, he'll doubtless be dismissed as a surly spoil sport. The play's the thing, and it's all here—scandals, tantrums, romances, follies, vendettas, triumphs and disasters. Who needs The Method?

C. H. SIMONDS

IMPERIAL AGENT: THE GOLENIEWSKI ROMANOV CASE, by Guy Richar (Devin-Adair, $5.95). When N York newspaper editor Guy Ric ards acted on a tip that alleg the suppression of a major U.S. s scandal by elements of our gover ment, he met more opposition th the standard bureaucratic ru around. Persistent, he went on uncover the fascinating tale of possibly quadruple agent, Color Michal Goleniewski. Unfortunate for *Imperial Agent*, Richards bare mentions Goleniewski's work as spy. The main aspect of the ca Richards examines, in a self-co scious, excessively informal styl is the possibility (and claim Goleniewski) that the colonel really the Grand Duke Alex Romanov, son and heir of Cz Nicholas II. While never stating flatly, Richards obviously believ the claim, letting stand many u proven assumptions about a statements by Goleniewski. Su porting the claim, however, on t basis of comparisons of sole print fingerprints and dental charts Romanov (obtained from unspec fied sources) Goleniewski, a form er CIA indentification expert, b lieves the two men to be, indee one and the same. The question re mains, if Goleniewski is not R manov, just who is this man who record of service to the West wa ranted a special CIA-sponsore citizenship bill in Congress?

D. B. DUV

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (April 18)

MAX RAFFERTY
NOT NECESSARY TO TEACH CHILDREN PATRIOTISM — LET CHILDREN GET IT BY GIVING THEM FACTS:

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
eaningless or ısincere talk or ·riting	15 115 184 30 131 83 121
. not so Artful odger in 1966 as › previous years	19 32 41 163 146 92
/rongdoing	49 5 22 36 48 56 81 103 128 154 160
oldly rude or isrespectful	66 101 57 172 33 4 145 94
his type of ısincere profession ıight be the kiss f death	130 7 106 170 173 187 123 143 21 31
ın instrument for lrawing ellipses	148 116 34 72 99 126 182
)uty or obligation	155 63 93 142 6
Omission of some ıct which ought o have been ɔerformed	169 26 51 69 75 107 120 122 136 178 183
Battle fought n 1590	188 161 141 151
·ull-toned or ıonorous	3 85 73 78 10 18
Game for three ɜt which two can ɔlay to advantage	9 102 117 20 50 64 95 88 158
A form of jade	27 127 129 43 177 91 96 153
Agreeable persons who can be disagreeable to ıave around	104 179 138 156 185 65
To supplicate earnestly	111 58 45 124 105 80

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. An idea or opinion with little foundation	139 23 67 76 11
P. Dentist who managed in the big leagues	28 70 140 14 74 79 176
Q. Left out	54 166 100 46 171 16 186
R. A defeat in which the loser fails to score	86 47 162 191 59 147 17 108 97
S. Nonsense (slang)	98 24 60 52 37 192 159
T. What Communism and Naziism are part of	165 157 175 25
U. Type of stock not traded in on Wall Street	181 168 112 137 53 38 61 189
V. Political and social disorder due to absence of governmental control	1 84 164 39 110 55 132
W. One fourth of a British penny until withdrawn in 1961	13 180 62 109 134 40 89 2
X. Flower commonly regarded as an emblem of constancy and friendship	35 12 8 68 118 133 144 150 174 29 42
Y. To detest utterly	44 152 149 71 113
Z. What the meek shall do to the earth	82 90 190 167 119 135 114
a. Don't do this to Peterson to pay Poulsen	87 77 125

	1 V		2 W	3 J	4 D	5 C	6 G		7 E	8 X	9 K	10 J	11 O		12 X	13 W
	14 P	15 A	16 Q		17 R	18 J	19 B	20 K		21 E	22 C	23 O	24 S	25 T	26 H	27 L
	28 P	29 X	30 A	31 E	32 B	33 D		34 F	35 X	36 C	37 S	38 U	39 V		40 W	41 B
	42 X	43 L	44 Y	45 N		46 O	47 R	48 C		49 C	50 K	51 H		52 S	53 U	54 O
	55 V	56 C	57 D		58 N	59 R	60 S	61 U		62 W	63 G	64 K	65 M	66 D	67 O	68 X
	69 H	70 P	71 Y	72 F		73 J	74 P	75 H		76 O	77 a	78 J	79 P	80 N	81 C	
82 Z	83 A		84 V	85 J	86 R		87 a	88 K	89 W	90 Z	91 L	92 B	93 G		94 D	95 K
	96 L	97 R	98 S	99 F		100	101D		102K	103C	104M	105N		106E	107H	108R
109W		110V	111N	112U	113Y	114Z		115A	116F	117K	118X	119Z	120H		121A	122H
123E	124N		125a	126F	127L	128C		129L	130E	131A	132V	133X	134W	135Z	136H	137U
138M		139O	140P	141I		142G	143E	144X		145D	146B	147R		148F	149Y	150X
151I		152Y	153L	154C	155G	156M	157T		158K	159S	160C		161I	162R	163B	164V
165T		166O	167Z	168U	169H	170E		171O	172D		173E	174X	175T	176P	177L	178H
179M		180W	181U	182F	183H	184A	185M	186O		187E	188I	189U	190Z	191R	192S	

e page 486 for
ution of last
ans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

e object of TRANS-GRAM is to fill out puzzle diagram by ɔssing the WORDS ɔove) from their EFINITIONS, and nsferring each letter the guessed word to correspondingly ınbered square in the ıgram. When the ıgram is filled out it ll spell out a quota-n from some pub-hed work (reading rmally from left to ıht, blank boxes in-:ating the end of a ırd); also, when the ORDS have all been led in above, their itial letters will spell t the author and le of the quoted work. ie acrostic feature, d the relative word-ngths in the diagram, ll assist in the solu-ɔn. Spelling and def-itions on the author-y of Webster's New ternational Dictionary, econd Edition.

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HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 475)

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several organizations in this coun- will keep your medical record on and send it anywhere in the rld within 24 hours or by tele- ne. This is invaluable for people h diabetes, allergies and other con- ions that require a specific treat- nt. Remember that you may not in condition to explain things to foreign doctor yourself but a card your possession will tell him what lo. Make inquiries at Medical Pass- t, 35 East 69th Street, New York, Y. 10021; MEDIFILE, 120 Boylston eet, Boston, Mass. 02116; and Medic ert Foundation International, Tur- k, California.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 448)

appears that the eminent exponent of servative thought, columnist James kson Kilpatrick, wrote a factual, if flattering, explanation of what makes llace run. . . . When everybody wants nething for nothing at the expense of erybody else, and the receipt of largess m the central treasury is not a dis- alification for the franchise during the erim of relief, can the trend be nged by the election of sound-minded olic officials? What Wallace did to himself by his bootstraps millions of ier men have done, and could still do, failure were not so comfortable and respectable.

f most of our problems are in phase about a year, the high tide of dis- ntent could easily give Wallace a third the vote against the Great Dissembler d a Me-Too Republican.

lsa, Okla. E. J. HANDLEY

tscism and Harvard

reference to your article on my rse, "Fascism and the Far Right in e Twentieth Century" [see "Fascism d Harvard," NATIONAL REVIEW, April permit me to observe that neither e University nor its president polices al reading lists; that assignment of rtain books does not entail certifica- n of their views as "correct"; more portantly, that fuller citation of the llabus would show that the American ght is held separate from the dis- ssion of fascism itself; that the course es not demean genuine conservatism r deny its opposition to fascism; that fact the subject of the course is not conservatism *per se* but movements that are fiercely nationalistic, anti-liberal and authoritarian. The American scene, past and present, is surveyed briefly to see in what measure such tendencies have existed here. Certainly if NATIONAL REVIEW is dedicated to true conservatism it has little cause to bridle at such an inquiry.

Cambridge, Mass. CHARLES S. MAIER

Next year, a course entitled "Harvard Professors and Intellectual Corruption"? The professors, of course, will be "held separate from the discussion of" corruption itself. See syllabus. —ED.

Auto Safety

I second John Chamberlain's impression that the automobile manufacturers are not the ogres that Mr. Nader implies. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain in his "Auto Safety" article in the April 4 issue should have made clear the distinction between those design features of car A that affect the passenger in Car A and those features of car A that affect the passengers in car B. Clearly those features of car A that affect its passengers only should be optional, such as in the case of seat belts and padded dashboards. No legislation is needed or appropriate concerning the interior features of an automobile. Whether or not there should be legislation concerning those features of car A affecting car B is at least worthy of debate. Unsafe tires on car A are justifiably of concern to passengers in car B. Perhaps legislation is the only way to keep inferior equipment off the market.

Monroeville, Pa. JAMES GORDON BENFORD

While I concede that John Chamberlain made a number of good points, I am simply not impressed by his exoneration of the auto companies.

No mention was made of General Motors' rather shameful investigation of Nader's personal life. But more importantly, I think the evidence shows that Detroit has shown a rather deplorable disregard for the safety question. They are not alone in this sense, but considering their position of responsibility, must be more mindful of the slaughter on the roads.

NATIONAL REVIEW consistently points to the Prohibition experiment as proof of the fact that you can't change human nature by fiat. For decades now, we have been trying to improve driving by "education." It just doesn't work. Better auto engineering, as well as better roads, stiffer licensing and punishment are in order.

Madison, Wis. KENNETH ALAN COLLINS

Asymptosis

In reply to the query of your editors [To the Editor, April 18]: Asymptosis is a malignant disease of paper money to which the half dollar, being silver, is immune. Chronic harsh circulation may cause a similar but benign self-limited disease in the half. Astute diagnosticians have largely eliminated this latter condition but there is little hope for cure of asymptosis.

Ventura, Cal. ROBERT A. WILSON M.D.

Hmmm . . .

Could we get something going with respect to a strong plea that Franklin D. Jr. and Sarah Churchill defect so we could be in a *bargaining* position in case Svetlana is allowed to come here?

Bronx, N.Y. B. HARRINGTON

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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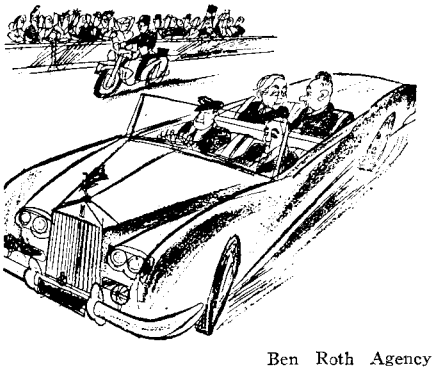
FOR THE RECORD

■ *National Guardian* now lists 38 addresses in U.S., three in Canada, where would-be **draft dodgers** and **conscientious objectors** can get the latest poop (one address listed is: The Harlem Unemployment Center). . . . Going too far (in public) even for *National Guardian* and Communist *Worker*, editor **M. S. Arnoni** of *Minority of One*. They've both rebuked Arnoni for suggesting at a N.Y. Town Hall symposium that the Soviet Union use its nuclear strength against the U.S. to end the Vietnam war. . . . Leading the fight to abolish HUAC again this year were Reps. **Don Edwards** (former ADA chairman) of Cal., **William Fitts Ryan** of N.Y. and **Sidney Yates** of Ill. . . . Bad news: **Saul Alinsky** reports he intends to retire from his present activities (such as organizing demonstrations and riots) to set up an institute which will turn out 100 professional "social revolutionaries" every eighteen months. It will be located either in San Francisco or NYC. . . . **Barbara Garson**'s *MacBird!* a bomb in London. One reviewer called **Joan Littlewood**'s handling of it "a travesty of a travesty." Authoress Garson, incidentally, was publisher of *Wooden Shoe*, an anarchist magazine that flourished for a couple of years on West Coast.

■ Troubles for the Communists internationally: Sweden's **last Communist paper,** *Norrskensflamman*, has folded, as has *Friheten*, Norway's only CP publication. . . . Italian Communist Party reports its **membership** this year is down 7 per cent from last year. . . . Original report indicated 57 Czech, Hungarian and Polish spectators to World Ice Hockey Championship in Vienna had defected. Number may be twice that figure as defectors start moving out of hiding places in Austria and reporting to refugee camps. . . . London *Observer* reports three motorized Soviet divisions (30,000 men) have been quietly withdrawn from Hungary, moving out under cover of darkness. (USSR still has 40,000 troops left there.)

■ Communist **Francisco Juliao,** former head of Brazil's peasant league, announced in April 4 *El Sol* (Mexico City) that there is "enthusiasm in Communist ranks" over prospects that **Robert Kennedy** will be President of the United States in 1972. . . . **Richard Goodwin,** part of RFK think tank, reportedly is leaving Wesleyan to take a job at MIT which is in Cambridge, Mass., where the Kennedy thinkers are congregating these days. . . . **Arthur Schlesinger,** say some Capitol Hill wiseacres, has made himself the press secretary for "the American government-in-exile." . . . In California, another Kennedy sidekick, **Pierre Salinger,** is resurfacing on political scene, seems to be backing Rep. **John Tunney** (Gene's son) as senatorial material, presumably against **Thomas Kuchel** next year. . . . **Jesse Unruh,** influential Speaker of the House in California, believes **Max Rafferty** can take Kuchel in Republican primary, but adds that **Reagan** can stop a primary fight if he's so inclined. . . . Moving out a little on national scene:



Ben Roth Agency

"I'm not saying there's anything wrong with Communism, but with the Chinese you've just let it get into the wrong hands."

Sen. **Peter Dominick** of Colora whose name gets mentioned here a there as possible reserve Presidential Vice Presidential nominee in '68.

■ For the Record: The United Sta has made 45 (count them) separ peace offers to North Vietnam sin 1965. . . . **Federal employment** went 10.5 per cent in year ending Octol 1966—due in large part to expansi of Vietnam conflict. . . . New Yo City's school system replaces 176,1 panes of glass in its schools every ye vandalism costs it roughly $5 milli yearly. . . . **Tax Foundation** estima that the average American works t hours and 25 minutes out of his eig hour day for the tax collectors.

■ Spread of the cultural revolutio in **Tirana**, **Albania**, news of purges a internal party splits now broadcast means of wall posters, just like Peking. . . . In Dakar, **Sékou Tou** has announced a "cultural revolutio of his own and says he will create a n Guinean language to replace the pres twenty tribal languages and Fren (which is the language in which Sék Touré's "thoughts" have had to be c ried so far). . . . Former Brazili President **Jucelino Kubitschek** has turned to Brazil, is talking politics w former Gov. **Carlos Lacerda** of Guar bara: they might just organize a thi political party. . . . Bolivia, harassed Castroite guerrillas, took the step: it h banned the Communist and the Wor ers Revolutionary parties. . . . Lat revolutionaries now planning a succ sor to last year's Tricontinental Co gress, again in Havana, week of Ju 28, according to *Worker*.

■ It just had to happen: when **Jol A. Hankey** announced his candida for school board in Fallbrook, Ca **Robert H. Pankey** did too.

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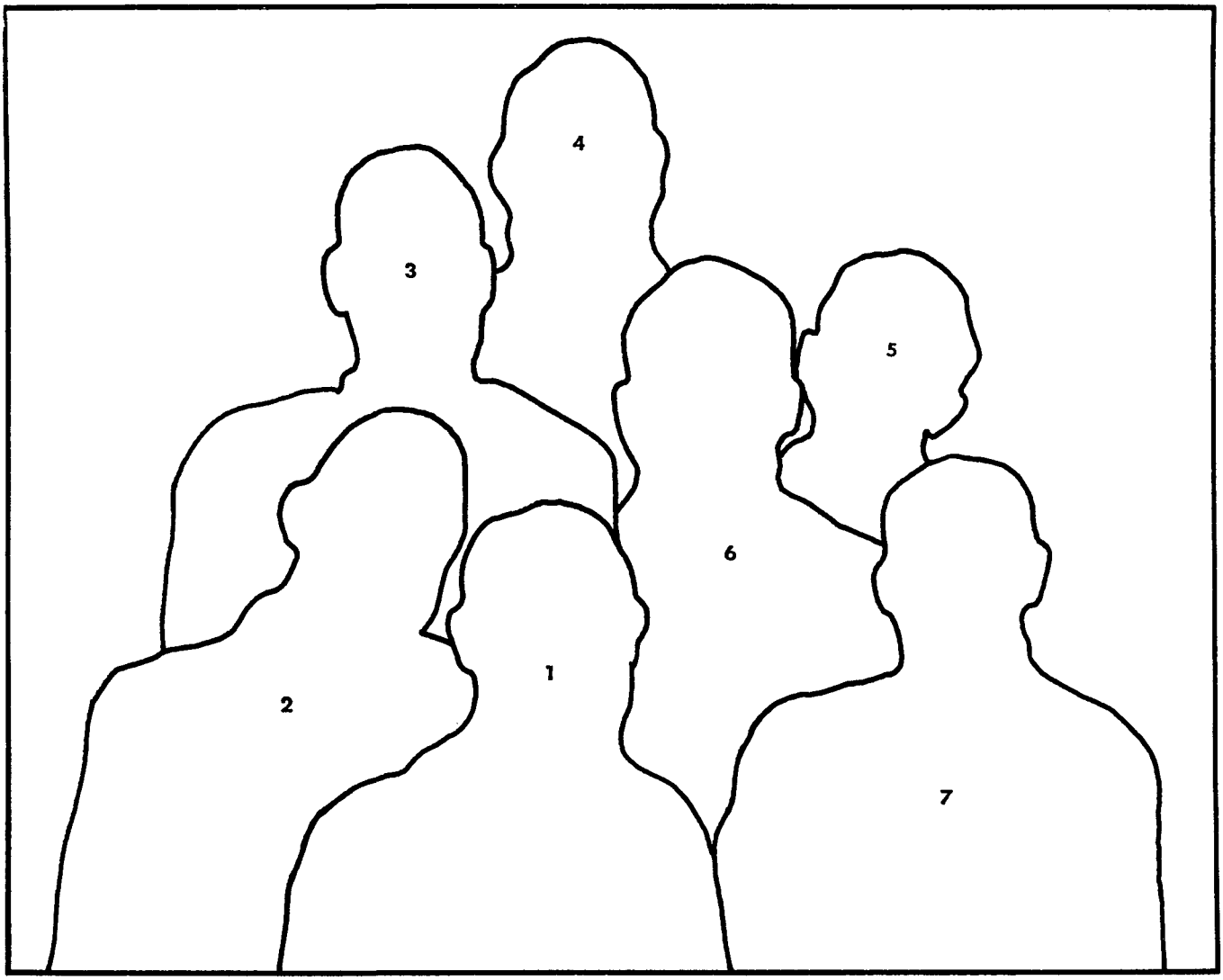
Which one of our experts can help solve your metalworking problems?



Your Ingersoll Man has his number.

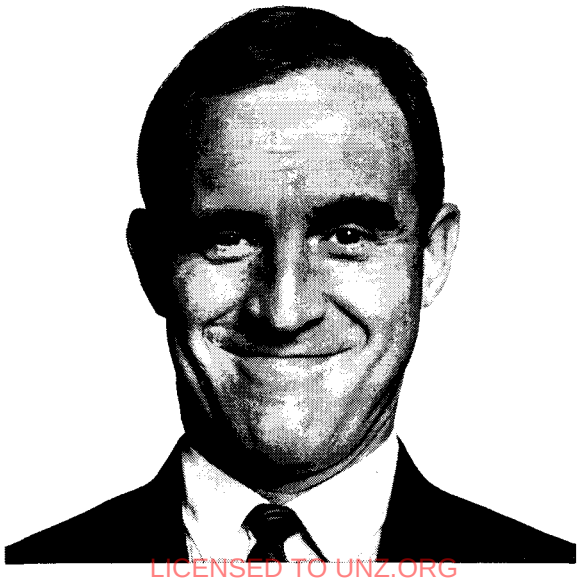
1. This one is a specialist in cutting tools for milling and boring. When you need advice on indexable or grind-type cutters, call him.

2. Our number two man is an expert in tool maintenance. He can save you money with either manual or automatic cutter grinders. If cutter maintenance is your problem, he'll come to the rescue.

3. Meet our applications expert on electrical discharge machining methods and equipment. He'll help you decide whether EDM fits your shop.

4. Work-holding methods, set-up equipment, and tool storage facilities are this guy's meat. You may be surprised at the extra cutting time he can find for you on your present machines.

5. Machine inspections, repairs, rebuilds, and spare parts analysis are his specialty. You thought you needed a new machine? Better check with this expert, first.



6. The engineer of our group heads a design and building team for special metalworking machines. He can help you find the right technical and economic solution.

7. This man is an expert in machine management. He makes sure the follow-up services and products offered by our other experts continue to be effective in your plant.

Like to talk over your problem with one of our experts? Just write The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company, Rockford, Illinois

INGERSOLL

The company that sells solutions, not just hardware.

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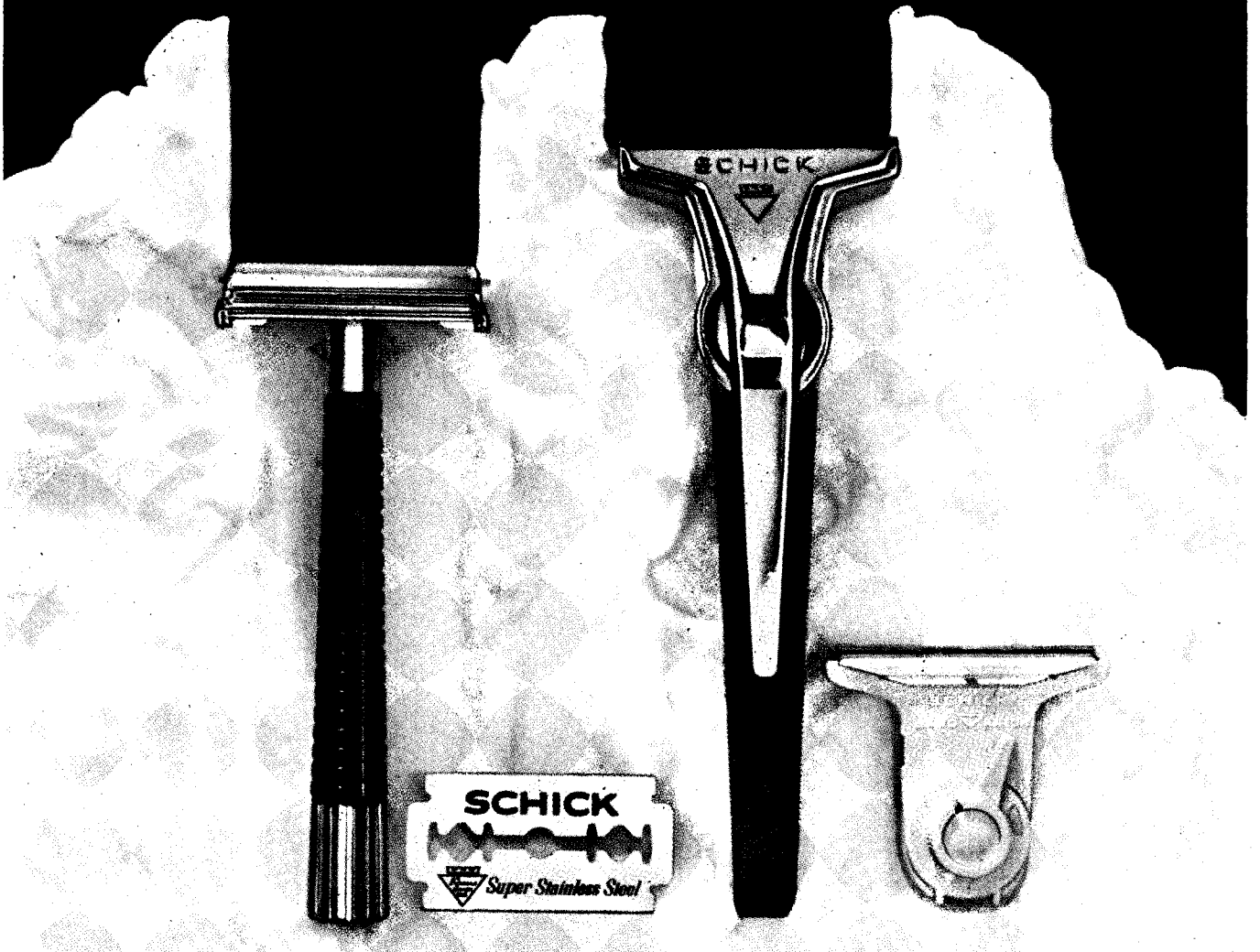
Both new from Science



Barber-Approved New Double Edge Razor with patented guard bar

(U.S. Patent 2,048,565)

The new Schick Double Edge Razor has a patented guard bar that sets up your beard for a better shave. Horizontal ridges work like a barber's fingers to let you shave closer with comfort. In fact every feature—from the new long handle to the new positive blade lock—was barber-tested and approved for better control and a better shave. Complete with Schick Super Stainless Steel Blades in compact travel case. $1.00

New AUTO-BAND Schick Band Razor with 10-edge cartridge

(U.S. Patent 2,492,292)

The new Schick 10-edge Auto-band Razor has ten Super Stainless Steel edges coiled inside a cartridge. You never touch a blade. The exclusive Schick band is slotted. It feeds between two spools to hold each new edge taut for both the control *and* comfort you want. And each new edge has Schick's Super Krona coating to shave you closer with greater comfort. Complete with 10-edge Auto-band cartridge. $2.95

Schick Science Insures Comfort

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